

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 799

Week Ending
JULY 14, 1934

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Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d

HITLER'S JUDGMENT DAY See Page Seven

THE NEW ITALY ACROSS THE SEA ROMANISING A ROMAN OUTPOST

**Possible Fertile Areas For
Half a Million White People
HUNDREDS OF MILES OF ROADS**

Italians are proud of their two North African territories, Tripoli and Cyrenaica, and especially proud of General Rodolfo Graziani, who has recently come home from governing Cyrenaica.

For 13 years he has been subjugating the wild tribes in its 286,000 square miles of hinterland and developing the 75,000 square miles of the territory.

It is 2500 years since civilisation was planted in this land, when Sparta sent colonists there. In the course of time the Romans acquired the land, calling it Libya Superior. Cyrene, its capital, is a name that occurs several times in the New Testament, for it was a great commercial city trading with Greece, Egypt, and Carthage.

Philosopher and Poet

Aristippus the philosopher, who became a pupil of Socrates, was born there; and so was Callimachus, the third-century poet, grammarian, and critic. The Arabs conquered Cyrene in the 7th century, and 900 years afterwards it fell into the hands of the Turks, who lost it to the prowess of the Italian armies about 22 years ago.

C.N. readers may remember the account we published of the great transference of natives with their flocks and herds organised by General Graziani in his successful effort to overthrow Omar el Mukhtar, the leader of the Mohammedan order known as the Senussi. Another of his methods in defeating this fanatical foe was the building of barbed-wire entanglements for nearly 200 miles along the Egyptian frontier.

Hope For the Future

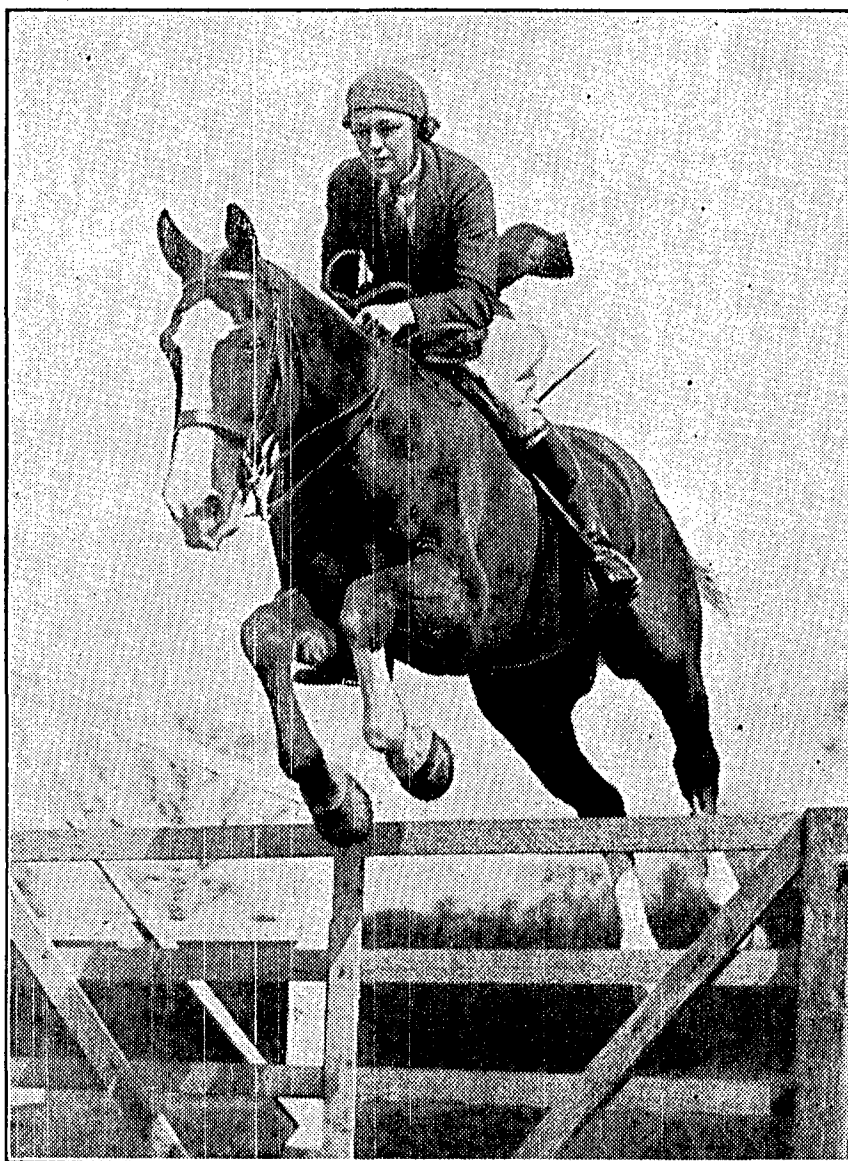
The rebel chief conquered, General Graziani devoted himself to organising the country. Bengasi was developed as a port. Hundreds of miles of roads have been built in all directions. Agriculturists from Italy have been settled on farms and provided with all possible materials for success.

Perhaps in the course of time fertile areas of Tripoli and Cyrenaica will support a white population of 500,000, whose trade with their Mother Country would make the Mediterranean a busier sea than it is at present.

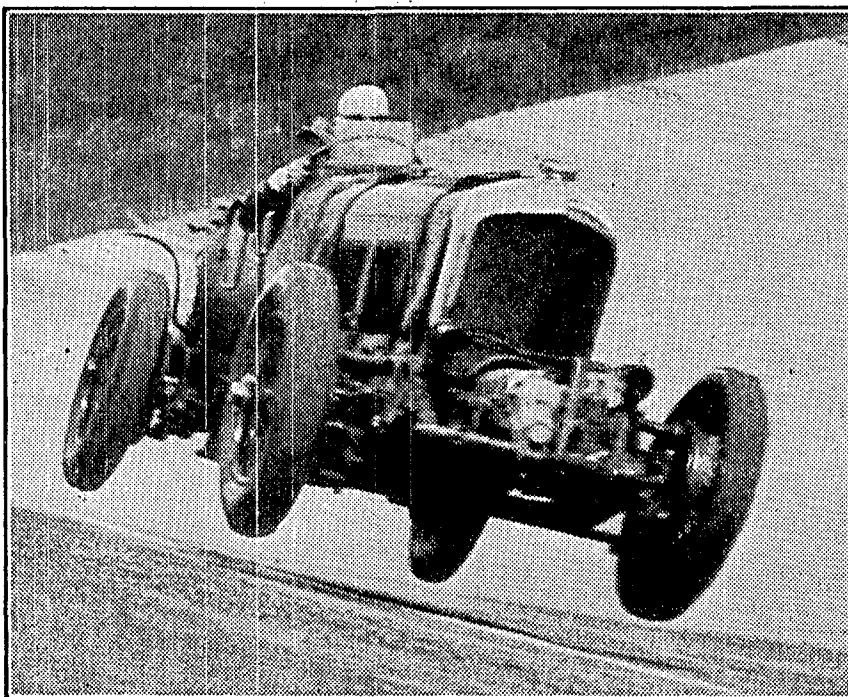
Cyrenaica is chiefly known today by its export of sponges, which are one-third in value of its total exports. In five years the tonnage using its ports has doubled, but it is only at the beginning of its possibilities.

Italians hope the prosperity of Roman days will rapidly return to this home of an ancient civilisation.

The Jumpers



The Jumping Horse—Over the gate at a riding display



The Jumping Car—All four wheels are seen to be off the ground in this picture of a car racing over the railway straight during a practice spin on the Brooklands track

GODFREY LAGDEN FRIEND OF THE WORLD

**The British Empire Loses a
Faithful Servant**

A RIDE BETWEEN THE ARMIES

War is always terrible, but the Boer War might have been even more terrible than it was if it had not been for Sir Godfrey Lagden, who has just passed away at 82.

He was Resident Commissioner in Basutoland when a British force of the Cape Mounted Rifles was besieged at Wepener on the border between the Orange Free State and Basutoland.

Lagden had 10,000 Basutos, and the military authorities asked him to attack the Boers, and so relieve the besieged troops. This he absolutely refused to do.

But at night he smuggled food and ammunition into the besieged town, so enabling it to hold out till another British force came to the rescue.

A White Man's War

The African natives were kept out of the bloodshed, and it was "a White Man's war." This was largely due to the firmness and wisdom of the Resident Commissioner of Basutoland, and he was thanked by the Imperial Government.

Lagden was a parson's son. He went to Africa for adventure. He soon found it. As a newspaper correspondent he took part in the Egyptian campaign, once undertaking a terribly dangerous night ride to take information to Wolseley, and on another occasion joining the daring little party which rode into Cairo demanding surrender, although the main force was far behind.

Then he was appointed Assistant Colonial Secretary at Sierra Leone, and eventually he began his work among the Basutos as secretary to the Resident Commissioner. There was much unrest and many feuds between the tribes which Lagden had to end.

How a War Was Averted

Once a chief named Lerothodi marched with 20,000 men upon the kraal of Masupha, where Masupha's forces were ready for him. But Lagden was there too. He rode between the armies and persuaded both sides to lay down their arms.

Then he sent Lerothodi's men home, inquired into the rights of the matter, tried the culprits, and sentenced them to six months imprisonment, so averting a Basuto war.

Later he became the Resident Commissioner, and used his courage and strength of character to keep the natives out of the Boer War.

When Lord Milner formed his Administration of the Transvaal in 1901 Lagden was appointed Commissioner of Native Affairs. He did most admirable work, and built well for the future.

Africa has lost a good friend, the Bible Society a valued vice-president, and the British Empire a wise servant.

THE RICH MERCHANT OF ALEPPO

SEVEN LORD MAYORS REMEMBER HIM

His Fine Homes For Men Who Come Upon Hard Times

UNVEILING A NEW WINDOW

Seven Lord Mayors of London have been reminding us, by their visit to Morden College, of one of London's little known institutions.

They have been unveiling a window in the chapel of the college showing an angel announcing to the women at the tomb that Christ is risen; its purpose is to commemorate half a century's administration of the college by trustees chosen from the Court of Aldermen. The history of the college, however, goes back far more than 50 years; and the tale of its foundation by Sir John Morden, a wealthy merchant of Aleppo, reads like a fairy story.

A Man of Fair Estate

Had he lived but a little before his time, and had Shakespeare heard of him, who knows that the Merchant of Aleppo might not have kept company on the stage with the Merchant of Venice?

Sir John Morden missed Shakespeare by seven years; he was born as a London goldsmith's son in 1623 within the sound of the bells of St Bride's. But it is not till 1662 that we hear of him. He was a rich merchant of Aleppo; his eyes were turned to the East and the riches of the Levant. He was famous enough to be in Stow's Survey of London as a man of fair estate.

Out in Aleppo his heart was aching for London town. He longed to see the Thames again, and one day he loaded three ships with all his treasures and ordered them to England. He was going home. The ships set sail with orders for trading at the ports of call, and Sir John Morden was to follow.

When the Ships Came Home

He arrived in London and hastened to his captain for news of his ships, but he received instead the most tragic news of his life, for his ships had not come home. None had heard of them. Days and months and years went by; and not a soul could tell him what had happened to his ships. The proud merchant of Aleppo was begging for work to earn his bread.

He was waiting one day in a gentleman's hall when he heard a conversation. It set his sad heart beating, for three ships from the East had arrived in the Thames.

It was news in those days. Three ships! Could they be his? He found himself running as fast as he could run to the Thames, afraid to stop yet half afraid to go. He found a small crowd by the river gazing at three ships—yes, *his ships!* The poor tradesman's assistant was the rich Merchant of Aleppo once more.

For Merchants in Adversity

From that day all went well with good John Morden, and from that day all has gone well, thanks to John Morden, for hundreds and thousands of rich men fallen on hard times. For he made up his mind that something should be done for men who suffered as he had suffered. He founded a college for "as many poor, honest, sober, and discreet merchants as have lost their estates by accidents and dangers." There was a college at Bromley for clergymen's wives (it is there to this day), and he was its treasurer. He would put up a college for merchants in adversity who had lost, say, ten thousand pounds. (There are many of them today, alas!)

He took Sir Christopher Wren down to Blackheath. They stood on that great common and saw the ships of the Thames go sailing by, and there

MARCH OF THE SANDS

The Threat To Australia EMPIRE NEEDS LABOUR WHILE MILLIONS ARE IDLE

We have already directed attention to the serious southward extension of the great desert of Sahara.

A Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr Sydney Upton, now points out that Australia also is gravely menaced by the march of the sands. He speaks of Australia's Dying Heart, which must be combated if its future is not to be imperilled.

The trouble is that man in Australia, as in Africa, is increasing the desert area. He destroys bush and scrub and water surface, and so an ever-increasing area becomes arid.

The central desert is described as a vast expanse of territory where life is almost non-existent. Its scorching breath blights the lands round about, so that, as vegetation dies and aridity increases, the seas of sand extend their desolating sway.

A Precious Asset Being Lost

As vegetation diminishes and the natural seed reserves become exhausted the desert establishes a firmer hold, rainfall becomes scantier, and the possibility of reclamation becomes correspondingly remote. Dwindling rainfall, coupled with an increasing drain on artesian water reserves, means that this precious asset is being lost.

The assertion is made that in a few decades the white man has made as much desert as Nature took centuries to accomplish. Now, it is suggested, British capital should be enlisted to face the tremendous task of saving what amounts to one half of Australia.

It is a vivid example of the ridiculous state of the world (even in the British Empire) that this danger should exist for want of labour side by side with the existence of a vast army of idle men.

GERMANY'S FORCES

Regular and Irregular

The military and semi-military forces in Germany now are these:

The Reichswehr, the State Army of 100,000 men, owing allegiance to President Hindenburg; the police, numbering 140,000, of whom a large number are armed; the S.S., or Steel-Helmets, a national force of about 250,000 ex-soldiers; and the S.A., or Brown Shirts, the private force which brought Hitler into supreme power; their number is about 500,000, and the suggestion is that they are being disbanded.

THE WAY OF WAR

Four Soldiers Vindicated Too Late

The honour of the four French soldiers executed at St Mihiel in 1915 has been vindicated by the Supreme Military Court, and their families have been awarded nominal damages.

The story of their death has recently been told in the C.N., and the verdict of the Court proves once more what terrible injustice can be committed under the stress of war.

Continued from the previous column

they agreed to set up Sir John Morden's College for Poor Merchants.

He worked at it until he died, an old man of 85, and through all the years from then till now honest men have come to this place in the days of their affliction; forty of them live there now, three times forty are receiving aid. The spirit of the Merchant of Aleppo is still working in the world. The cargo of his three lost ships comes like a blessing to those who have fallen by the way.

Now they have put a new window in his chapel, in memory of the good management of his college by London's aldermen for fifty years.

GREAT WIMBLEDON

Its Sunshine Never Grows Less

Another Wimbledon has come and gone. The winners have gone away rejoicing. The losers will come back again.

In the last sixteen of the Men's Singles were five Americans: S. Wood, F. X. Shields, L. R. Stofen, D. N. Jones, and G. M. Lott; three Australians: J. Crawford, Hopman, and Quist; three Englishmen: Perry, Austin, and Lee; one South African, Kirby; one Frenchman, Boussus; one German, Von Cramm; one Japanese, Yamagishi; and one Czechoslovakian, Hecht.

In the last eight the elimination left four Americans, only Jones having disappeared; our two English hopes, Perry and Austin; Crawford of Australia, and Kirby of South Africa; so that the contest was narrowed to one between America and Greater Britain, four a side, and the certainty that Anglo-Saxons would meet in the Final.

In the last four Austin had disappeared, much to our disappointment; but Perry and Crawford were left to finish the fray with Wood and Shields.

The Ladies

The last rounds of the Ladies showed rather more diversity of nations. Among the competitors left until the second week were two representatives of America, Miss Helen Jacobs, the favourite, and Miss Sarah Palfrey, who had put out the Polish lady, Miss Jedzejowska. Then came Miss Hartigan of Australia, who had beaten Mrs Sperling of Denmark, who in other years had played as Miss Krahwinkel for Germany; Miss Cilly Ansem, who plays for Germany still; Miss Payot of Switzerland, Madame Mathieu of France, and our own best two, Miss Round and Miss Scriven.

If the programme had been surveyed before these more fortunate and more successful players had won their way to the later rounds of a testing tournament it would have revealed an even greater number of nationalities, China, Austria, Italy, and Spain among them.

Year after year these competitors in the friendliest of games, and the one that seems to have fewest heartburnings, return to the great stadium.

The Real Olympic Games

They do so because these Championships are the real Olympic Games, where everyone has a chance of winning, because lawn tennis is the one game played by every country in the world, and where every player is sure that the 14,000 spectators about the Centre Court will applaud his or her efforts with courtesy and without clamorous partisanship. In a word, Wimbledon stands for fair play. While it does its crowds will never grow less, and its power of creating good feeling and better understanding from China to California will increase.

BORN A SLAVE

Catharine of St Catharine's

A lady who spent nearly a third of her life as a slave has just passed away at St Catharine's in Ontario.

One of the last acts of her life was a visit to the poll at St Catharine's to take her share in the great bid for freedom which the province has just registered at its General Election.

It is over 103 years ago since Catharine was born, the daughter of slaves at Charleston in South Carolina. She spent her childhood as a slave, her youth as a slave, and it was not till she was 33 that she became a free woman. After the Civil War in America, during which 600,000 men perished in the fight for the freedom of the slaves, she crossed over the border into Canada. She was respected in the land of her adoption, where, as Mrs Catharine Deveau, she was honoured to the last, her fellow-citizens being especially proud of her as the oldest voter in the province.

SIR WALFORD

GOODBYE TO THE PERFECT BROADCASTER

His Wonderful Ten Years of Music at the Microphone

A WEEKLY STREAM OF MELODY

Six hundred children have lost a fairy godfather whom they have never seen. He is Sir Walford Davies, who for ten years has broadcast weekly music lessons to schools all over the country.

During those ten years he has become known as the Perfect Broadcaster because of his superb microphone technique. When he spoke it was as if he were beside you in the room, chatting across the tea-table or by the fire. Sir Walford is now giving up broadcasting in order to give himself time for composing music of his own.

Children and Folk-Melody

He believes that the value of musical broadcasts to schools is of immense importance. "As the result of examining tens of thousands of melodies written by children," he says, "I find that there is a huge stream of folk-melody pouring through the country week by week. It is something very real. Children cannot sing rotten tunes any longer, because they have got a criterion of judgment."

"I look upon wireless as an astonishing, epoch-making invention, whereby music can be on a par with the other arts. It is possible to hope that in twenty years the majority of our statesmen will have been properly taught and will know a tune when they hear it."

Sir Walford's successors are Dr Thomas Armstrong and Mr Ernest Read. There will be five music courses next year shared between them, and a new music course for children between the ages of five and seven by Miss Ann Driver.

An Unseen Fairy Godfather

A B.B.C. official told the C.N. something of Sir Walford's popularity. "Six hundred schools," he said, "buy the pamphlets used in the broadcast course, and 150 send in tunes written by the children. There is a Devonshire village where you think you see the old ladies going to a mother's meeting when they are really going to listen to Sir Walford Davies. There is a workhouse in Surrey where the doctor has said that Sir Walford has added ten years to the lives of the inmates. There is a school in Warwickshire which dislocates work in the neighbourhood every week because the parents insist on downing tools to listen to Sir Walford teaching the children."

Now, after ten years of music lessons; music-magic pronounced by the unseen fairy godfather, we must bid Goodbye to the Perfect Broadcaster and send our good wishes to the man who has become Master of the King's Musick.

THINGS SAID

Roast pigeons do not exactly fly into one's mouth. Herr Goebbels

I know of cases where greyhounds have had their toe-nails tied with string to impede their running. Lord Kinnoull

The simple means of turning on music is the most dangerous thing music is up against. Sir Hugh Allen

Out of 63 unemployed men examined for positions under the Council nearly all were under-nourished. A Medical Officer

Plane landed upside down; we emerged right side up.

U.S. Russian Ambassador's wire home

We should have a temporary bridge at Charing Cross while Waterloo Bridge is being rebuilt. Sir John Murray

If your vehicles kept to the right I feel they would get on better.

A Russian in London

July 14, 1934

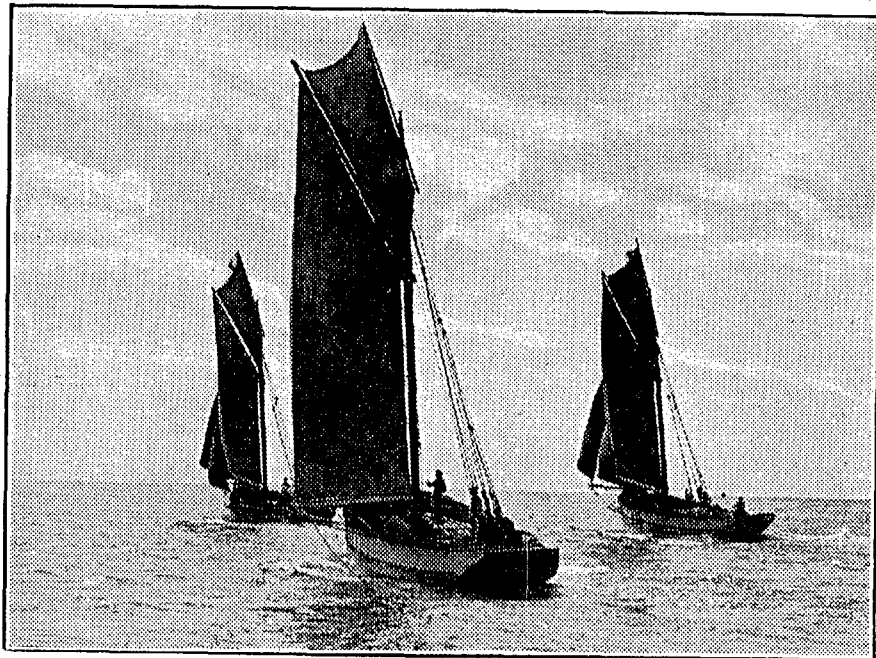
The Children's Newspaper

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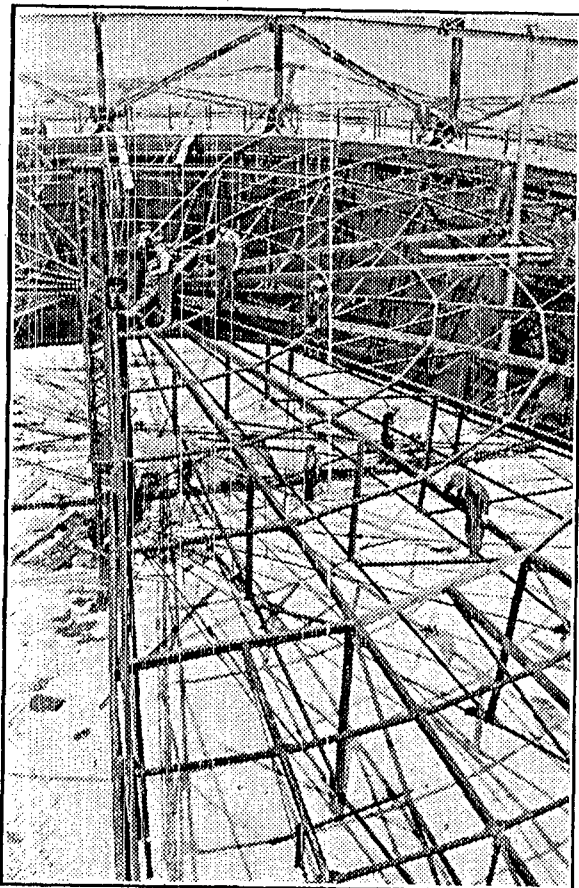
SEASIDE CATS · THE FLOWER-POT RACE · A MODERN FURNACE



Great Expectations—Cats on an Australian beach waiting for a fisherman to clean out his boat.



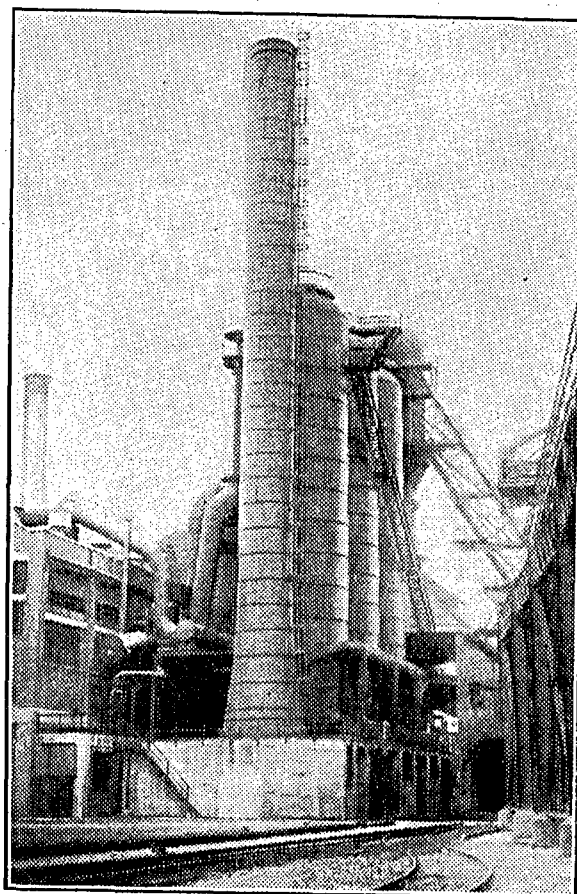
French Visitors—Crab-boats from France in a race at the Mounts Bay Regatta, Penzance.



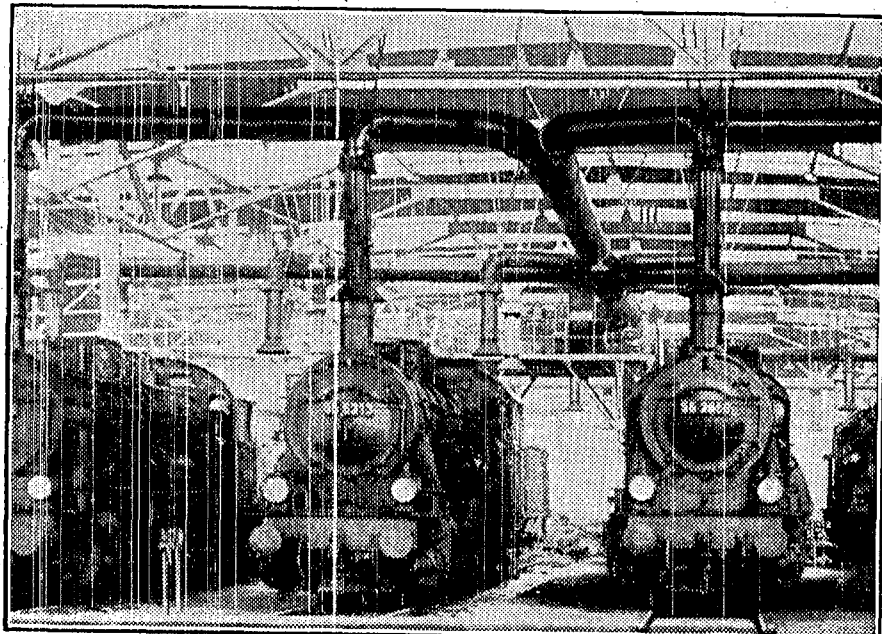
New Gas-Holder—This is the framework of a new gas-holder which is being built at Barnet. It will be 130 feet high and will have a capacity of two million cubic feet.



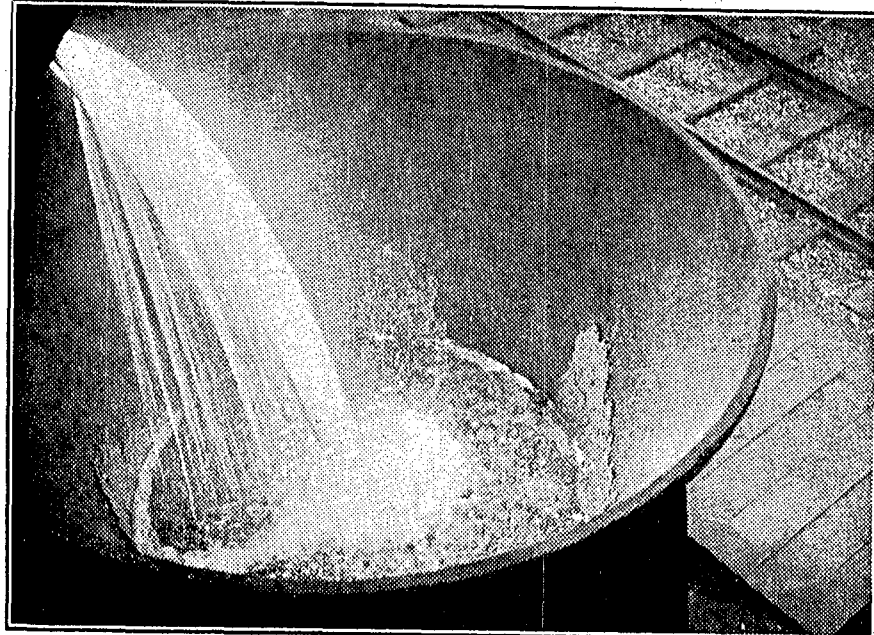
The Flower-Pot Race—The tortoise may beat the hare in such a race as this in a school's sports at Acton when competitors walked on inverted flower-pots attached to strings.



A Modern Furnace—A giant furnace of the most up-to-date design has been built at the Ford motor-works by the Thames at Dagenham, where every process is carried out.



No Smoking—Suction pipes have been installed in the locomotive sheds at Tempelhof in Berlin to carry off the smoke from the funnels.



The Beginning of a Motor-Car—Here is a stream of molten metal pouring into a container from the new Dagenham furnace shown in the picture above.

SALISBURY SPIRE

DEAN WARNS AIRCRAFT

The Beauty and Grace Which Inspired John Constable

THE TALLEST BUILDING IN OUR LAND

The Dean of Salisbury has been appealing to neighbouring air stations not to permit flying near his lovely cathedral. He is anxious that its beautiful spire should run no risk from low-flying aeroplanes (and some planes we know fly much too low).

It is a most important matter, for no plans of this superb masterpiece of English architecture are in existence, so that if the spire were damaged or fell it would be a very difficult task to rebuild it in its original perfection.

Most Perfect of Its Kind

Salisbury Spire is the most perfect of its kind. It has inspired poets and artists. There are few finer paintings than the exquisite picture Constable painted for his friend Bishop Fisher, to give to his daughter on the occasion of her marriage.

This painting hangs in the Victoria and Albert Museum, the artist having completed a slightly different one for the bishop, who, strangely enough, did not like Constable's first effort. Ten years later, when his life was drawing to a close, Constable once more painted the cathedral, this time as it appeared to him from the meadows.

From whichever point of view we gaze on Salisbury Cathedral, whether from the bishop's garden or the meadows with Constable, from a corner of the elm-shaded close, or from the high hills beyond the Avon, the beauty and perfect proportions of Salisbury's tower and spire thrill us in a way which can never be forgotten. It rises to a height of 404 feet above the ground, being the highest spire in our land.

Tower of Exquisite Beauty

It is set on a tower of exquisite beauty, a beauty which its designer balanced by three carved bands of stone in the spire itself, adding to its grace by the rows of tiny buds of stone to be seen running up its eight angles.

The cathedral itself is a masterpiece of the 13th century, but the tower and spire were built in the more elaborate style of the 14th. So frail is the spire that the bases of its walls are only two feet thick, while the top courses are only nine inches. In the capstone is a tiny lead box which a child could hold in its hand, with a fragment of woven fabric in it as a relic of the Madonna, to guard the spire from harm. It has braved the elements now for nearly 600 years, but with many another tower and spire falling its guardians have ever been anxious for its stability.

Out of the Perpendicular

There is a record of the tithes of Cricklade being granted by Henry the Sixth to maintain the tall spire steeple in repair. Perhaps they had found out that, owing to the sinking of the foundations, the spire had deviated 24 inches from the perpendicular. It leans southwest to that extent now. Iron bandages have been inserted to give it strength, and the original scaffolding of the workmen has always been left inside to help it. Flying buttresses have been added at the corners of the base of the tower to support it from without, and arches have been thrown across the transepts from within.

It was a Wiltshire man, Richard Farley, who crowned with this lovely spire the cathedral of his county. With the Dean, we look to the Friends of Salisbury Cathedral today to have architectural plans made in the near future so that, if anything should befall, the spire could be restored in all its medieval beauty.

FEED THE CHILDREN

Future of Our Race at Stake

THE DISEASES OF POVERTY

The President of the Royal Society, Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, is one of a number of scientific and medical men who are deeply impressed by the danger incurred by tens of thousands of the children of unemployed parents who are not adequately fed.

The nation must face the fact that it is risking the future of an army of adults.

The war proved that there are millions among us below the proper standard of health and strength. They are the consequences of old neglect, of old-time poverty. One of the most accusing official documents ever issued was the Medical Report on 2,425,184 medical examinations of men of military age. The result was:

Full normal standard, 36 per cent
Partial disability, 22 to 23
Marked physical disability, 31 to 32
Totally and permanently unfit, 10

Thus only one in three had the full normal standard of health.

Are we to add to this record by under-feeding an army of children now? We must not think of it. Above all, the children must be given the full birth-right of their race.

Science teaches us that, in the average case, we can restore and maintain the normal race standard if we care to do so.

A WORTHY GOLF CHAMPION

The Boy Who Went On Trying

It was a great day for Henry Cotton when he won the Open Golf Championship at Sandwich.

It was also a great day for Great Britain, for eleven years had gone by since an Englishman had won it, and Cotton, besides, justifying his country's hopes, had given an illustration of the proverb that it's dogged that does it.

Since he left school at Dulwich he had set this goal before him and had persevered in spite of many disappointments. Another calling had been suggested to him, but he believed he could make a success of this one. He tried. He experienced as many failures as Bruce's spider. But he climbed to the top at last, and he means to stay there.

A story is told by our golfing contributor, who was present at a Professional Golfers' Tournament at Oxhey, which Cotton did not win, though he had successes in the earlier rounds. In one of these he had been playing against a fellow professional, Twine, and had beaten him rather badly.

As the two players and the small crowd with them were walking in from a distant hole a friend joined Cotton, and our contributor was just behind them. He asked Henry Cotton how he had fared, and the coming champion replied that he had managed to win. He added that everything had gone right with him and everything wrong with Twine. "And so," concluded Henry, "I got home." He has now got home in a more important contest.

THE CLAPHAM JUNCTION OF THE AIR

Clapham Junction was the happy phrase used the other day in prophesying Egypt's future position in the world.

The coinor of this phrase was Sir John Maffey of the Colonial Office when speaking at a dinner of the Royal Geographical Society. Referring to the future of aviation he declared that Egypt was essentially an aerodrome country. With its clear atmosphere, its open coast, and its open spaces Egypt would become the Clapham Junction of air lines, linking together the world routes to Africa and to the Far East.

THE SHRINKING STICK OF SHAGAMU

Can a stick shrink two and a half inches in a night? Or can a boy grow two and a half inches in a week?

This was the problem which confronted the skipper of the first company of the Boys Brigade to be founded in the Ijebu country of Nigeria.

Every boy in the village of Shagamu, where the missionary lived, wanted to join the Brigade. It was useless to say that the regulation age was from 12 to 18, because tiny fellows under ten would pretend to be 14, and bring hosts of relatives to back up the statement. So the skipper cut a measuring stick of bamboo, and said he could only enrol boys who were as tall as the stick.

What 200 Boys Did in Two Years

One boy came to be measured six times in six weeks. Five times he was two inches too short, but the sixth time he was half an inch taller than the stick. He had to be enrolled, but the missionary could not think how the thing had been managed, because the measuring stick was kept in a locked cupboard. Then he remembered a cooling swim in the river. Someone, who must have been watching his opportunity for weeks, pounced on the clothes, abstracted the key, dashed to the cupboard, cut down the rod, and returned the key, all without being seen.

Perhaps that was keenness overdone, but we have unstinted admiration for the keenness which provided a drill ground.

There is no such thing as a field near Shagamu, only tropical forest with huge trees, dense creepers, and stout bushes. It took 200 boys two years to hack and hew a clearing and make a level ground. Those young Africans deserved all the fun they got out of their drill: no European boys have ever had to work so hard to get an open space.

Each had to earn, or coax from his parents, who usually were firm in their refusals, 5s 6d for his uniform.

A Leaven in Pagan Places

At last the great day came when a huge consignment of uniforms arrived, and the company was dressed up in pillbox hats, navy blue jackets and shorts, and smart belts. How proud they were, and how good the discipline and comradeship proved for them! But they all met in Bible classes, where they learned that drill and uniform alone do not make the true Christian manliness which is the aim of the Boys Brigade.

Seven years have passed, and, far from losing interest, boys have poured in so steadily that a church has had to be enlarged to hold the parade of the 1st Ijebu Company, 300 strong. And the boys who have passed out have made good in many jobs up and down the country and proved a fine leaven in pagan places.

There are now 12 companies in Nigeria, and the influence these hundreds of boys will have on the future will be a fine thing for their country.

A TREASURE FLEET 120 Liners From New Zealand

Treasure fleets which carried gold and silver from the Spanish Main long ago were really not so richly laden as the mightier fleets of today which sail from the ends of the Earth to British ports.

Imagine 120 huge liners carrying 250,000 tons of butter and cheese valued at £16,000,000, and we can realise how valuable are the cargoes of dairy produce New Zealand is sending to us this year.

By the end of this month at least 120 vessels will have loaded New Zealand butter and cheese for London and West Country ports. They are all British ships manned by British crews, and the shipowners will receive about £1,700,000 in freight charges for carrying New Zealand's butter and cheese.

THE GREAT COBBLER

William Carey's Torch

CENTENARY OF THE FOUNDER OF MISSIONS

Last month was the centenary of William Carey, the shoemaker whose name should be known in every household in the British Empire.

It was through him that the people of this country came to realise their spiritual responsibilities toward the races living under the Union Jack.

Born in 1761 in the little village of Paulerspury in Northamptonshire Carey worked for his livelihood at 14 as a cobbler. Though the adventures of Captain Cook fascinated him, and he wished to follow his footsteps, he found his way to India instead, at 32.

Stirred By the Slave Trade

He was stirred as he heard and read of the slave trade, of British ships carrying cargoes of human beings, many of whom died on the journey. The one passion of business men at the end of the 18th century was to make money, and Carey heard a Voice telling him that the men and women in the regions of Africa, India, and the South Seas needed something greater than goods, and should be looked upon as the children of God.

At Kettering, in 1792, a little company of thirteen men came together and shared Carey's great burden. They contributed £13 and laid the foundations of the Baptist Missionary Society, under whose auspices Carey went to India.

The great torch of missionary enthusiasm which Carey lit at Kettering soon spread its glow and light. In less than 15 years several societies came into existence to evangelise the world, not only in England, but in America and the Continent of Europe.

Great Gifts To India

It was William Carey who gave to India the greatest gift of all, the New Testament in 26 languages. It was his efforts that finally abolished the cruel custom of Suttee in India. He was the pioneer of English education. He gave India a printing press in English and its own newspaper.

If cannibals are now living in peace and harmony, if women are finding greater scope of freedom, if children are no longer sacrificed to unknown gods, if plague and cholera are being subdued by courageous British men and women with the cooperation and help of the educated nationals of India, Japan, China, Africa, and the Isles of the South Seas, it is because William Carey lit a torch of service which has spread the light from generation to generation.

THE RESCUE OF A BABY OWL

A.C.N. reader in North Kelsey, Lincolnshire, send us this little story about the Barn Owls which live in the church tower there.

Not long ago a young owl, probably trying to emulate its parents in flight, flopped from its lofty home into a tree in a garden near by. The next morning it was a pitiable sight, hopping about in the long wet grass. The owner of the garden took the owl and placed it in an open shed, and the parent birds came nightly, very warily at first, bringing food for their baby.

Once they brought a bird; but usually it was mice. They brought four of these rodents one night; and by the next they had all been disposed of. When we consider the hundreds of mice that must be destroyed by a family of owls in a year we realise how important it is that these birds should be protected.

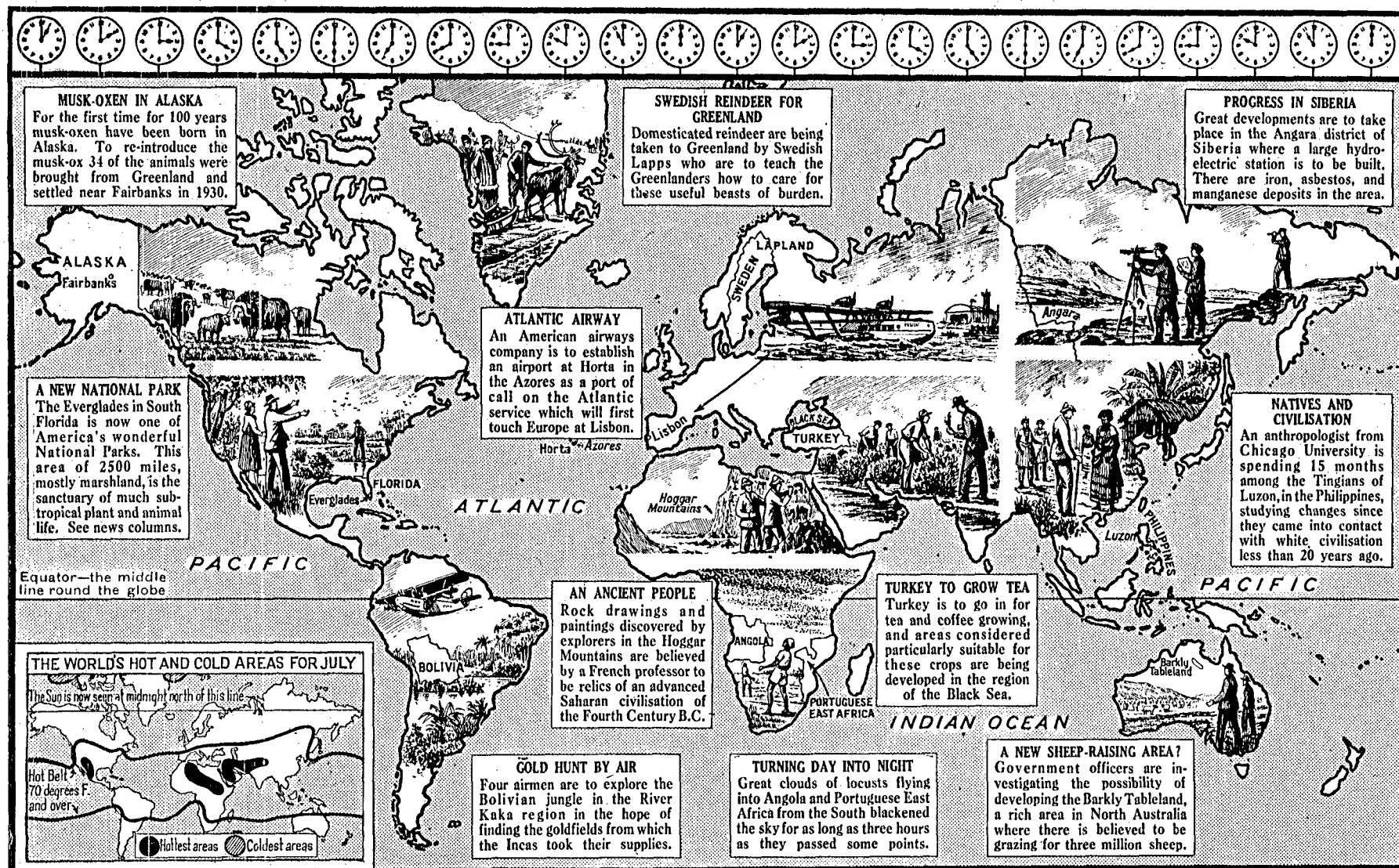
The baby owl became quite friendly and would sit on the hand of its benefactor. But during their nocturnal visits the parents taught it to fly, and in a week it disappeared.

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A CASE IN POINT £4400 For Wrecked Lives

We recently pointed out that hundreds of thousands of people among us have been wrecked for life through road accidents.

Here is a case which illustrates what is taking place every day.

A plumber, brought into court on a stretcher, was awarded £3000 damages for injuries received in a motor-cycling accident. His wife, who was riding pillion, is still in hospital, and was awarded a compensation of £1400. The couple were both aged 30.

Said the judge: "I think it a very just and proper settlement, but, of course, no money can compensate these young people."

That was well said. Two young people lose immeasurably as individuals, and the nation loses with them.

WHERE THE OIL COMES FROM Three Countries Produce Nearly the Whole

We have now a complete record of the world's mineral oil output in 1933.

A strange record it is, with America easily at the head of the list. The world produced nearly 200,000,000 tons, and the chief contributors were: United States, 122 millions; Russia, 21 millions; Venezuela, 17 millions.

It is remarkable that the British Empire, so rich in coal, has so little mineral oil that its contribution is almost nothing. It is even more remarkable that mineral oil should have made British coal of less value by displacing it in so many ways as a fuel.

Your Share of the Peace of the World

For 11s a year you may send the
C.N. each week to any child on Earth

AMERICA'S BACKWARD CHILDREN

A New Deal For Redskins

President Roosevelt's New Deal does not forget the Redskin race.

He has given his support to a Bill to enable the American Indians to organise themselves to buy land.

The President recommended the measure to save the Red Indians from "impending extinction." The time had come, he said, for a new standard of dealing between the Government and its "Indian wards."

The Bill provides a fund of two million pounds for the purpose.

ONE LIFE SAVED

A thrilling true story was heard by people who listened to the Brussels wireless station not long ago.

At 4.7 an appeal was made for a certain remedy. A doctor at Beauraing was treating a case of meningitis, and the remedy was so urgently needed that it was a matter of life and death, but he could not obtain it anywhere near.

At 7.45 listeners heard the rest of the story. Within two minutes of the broadcast appeal two people had telephoned to the wireless station saying they had the remedy. It was sent to Beauraing by car, and was successfully given to the patient.

DEATH IN A TWIG

Care in the biting or chewing of plants is again suggested by a sad case at Bridlington, where a verdict of death by misadventure was returned at an inquest on Marjorie Martin. It appeared that flowers and twigs were given to the scholars to take home when school broke up. The children had brought the flowers for decorating the classroom, and the child took some of the twigs away with her. An analytical report showed that she had swallowed young twigs of horse chestnut, and death was caused by alkaloid poisoning.

THE LIGHTNING FLASH New Discovery About It

WHAT A CAMERA REVEALED

Lightning in an ordinary thunderstorm is not one single flash cleaving the darkness for a fraction of a second, but a series of journeyings by an electric charge flashing backward and forward between a cloud and the Earth.

This amazing fact has been revealed by a new camera which has been made at Tuxedo, New York.

The camera has a film which moves at a mile a minute, and with it scientists have recently taken ten photographs of a single flash of lightning. The photographs show that the charge, on reaching the Earth, remains there for a few millionths of a second, to return in a flash from the Earth to the cloud. When it reaches the cloud it returns to the Earth, and this alternation of flashes continues until electrical equilibrium is restored. The speed of this flash has been estimated at about 100 feet in a millionth of a second.

ROSIE SITS DOWN

Rosie is an elephant which sat down at the most appropriate place in London, the Elephant and Castle.

She selected a spot where four lines of trams converge, evidently under the impression that she had gone far enough, for was not this the Elephant's Castle?

In a very short time there were trams, buses, cars, and vehicles by the hundred all held up by this imperturbable denizen of a tropical forest.

The policeman on duty was urgently asked to do something, but there was nothing in his instructions which told him what to do with a two-and-a-half ton elephant; in the circumstances he preferred to wait and see.

Finally the trainer produced some bananas, and Rosie consented to get up and eat them as she went on her way, perfectly unruffled by the storm she had created.

SUBMERGED ABBEY A Diver's Find in the Romantic Tweed

A LEGEND PROVED TRUE

The Tweed, a river much beloved by Burns and Scott, has been hiding in its depths the ruins of a medieval abbey.

When a diver was at work in its waters recently he came across a short flight of moss-covered steps going down into the centre of the river, and at a depth of about 60 feet were fragments of walls.

The spot at which he was working is known as Maxwell's Hole, and there has long been a tradition that an abbey was submerged here owing to the river carving out for itself a new channel.

The valley of the Tweed is rich in its monastic ruins. Not far from Maxwell's Hole stands Kelso Abbey, while the abbeys of Dryburgh and lovely Melrose are farther up its stream.

Many are the legends of this vale, legends which, with a thousand years of history, have given rich stores of material to our writers of prose and poetry; and now comes from the depths of the river the mystery of these ancient stones, to set students searching records in the hope that they may reveal something of their history.

How Sir Walter Scott, who died within the sound of its magic waters, would have rejoiced in such a quest!

CHILDREN NOT TO FLY Age Limit of 17

The sad fate of a Yorkshire boy who crashed while flying alone, and was burned to death, is followed by the announcement that the Air Ministry has decided to forbid young people under 17 to fly alone.

It was surely high time that common-sense rules were made to save the lives of those too young to guard themselves. Children should not cycle on main roads, or be carried on handle-bars or behind saddles.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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The Cave Man of Europe

DEEP down in the heart of every man there are two very old instincts.

One is the instinct to look after oneself; the other is the instinct to belong to a group, the herd instinct. They go right back to the early days when Man knew very little about the world. It was very big and he was very small. Almost everything he met was an unknown quantity, and he was afraid. If anything seemed to threaten him he hit it on the head—if he could.

But a change came. Gradually he learned that it was not only safer and easier, but friendlier and happier, for him to live in little groups and communities, and that was one step in the right direction. But it was not a very long step. Each little community was lonely and afraid. Every other community was part of the unknown that threatened its life. It was afraid.

Slowly, however, new steps were taken. Just as Man had found that he could preserve his own self better if he were a member of a group, so the groups found they could preserve themselves better if they were members of bigger groups. The little herds grew into bigger herds. Communities became nations.

Yet still they were afraid.

But men were growing up. They were learning to understand that all these groups which were fighting each other were not preserving themselves, but were destroying themselves and the world; so they dreamed that most glorious dream of the herd instinct, the League of Nations, and they began to build it. They wanted to be at one. They wanted to work together. They were weary of war.

And yet the League is a dream that has only partly come true, and the nations are still afraid. As we hear all the anxious talk of security we see the Cave Man again, with his club raised and his eyes angry, afraid. *He dare not lay down his club.*

His mind has grown up, but he has let his instinct stay away back in the Dark Ages. He knows that war will destroy his world, yet in his heart he goes on being afraid of the only thing that could save him, laying down his arms.

So it must go on until men and nations learn that they can preserve themselves only by being members one of another. The day of the little herds is over, and the world herd is struggling to come to birth. It has even got a body, but it is waiting for a spirit, the spirit that loves its neighbour as itself and seeks the good of each in the good of all.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Pageant

IN the presence of a vast concourse of about 150,000 people the son of the Lord Mayor of London was killed at the R.A.F. pageant. The programme was continued without a pause as though nothing had happened, for it is the policy of the R.A.F. to carry on whatever happens.

Such a thing could not have occurred in the days before the war, and we feel that it will be the view of thousands of people that the practice of continuing an entertainment after so terrible an event is neither right nor fitting. In any case, without blaming anyone, it is a witness to the immense change which has come over the world since the Great War transformed our lives.

To Every British Boy

OUR country has a mission to make a very sick world sane and healthy.

Every British boy has a duty to the non-British world, to teach it by example what has made our country great, a reverence for ordered liberty, for freedom of thought and of speech, for settling great issues and controversies by argument and by reason, and not by force or compulsion.

Sir Charles Grant Robertson, Vice-Chancellor of Birmingham University

Our Far West

IT is sad to see that Land's End is threatened with a new invasion of something ugly or something out of place. We should have thought it impossible to have added to the ugliness of this noble piece of England by day, for when we saw it last it was strewn with litter as if no one cared for it, and we believe it is ever thus.

Those who would see Land's End and feel the solemn thrill of this Far West of England reaching out to the Atlantic should go by night, when litter louts are far away and the kindly dark covers up where they have been.

Then there are few places more moving for one who knows what England is and has been; it is noble in the darkness and the stillness, with the plaintive cries of the sea-birds wheeling round.

A Village Made To See

THAT friend and defender of beauty Mr Clough Williams-Ellis has made an interesting experiment in North Wales.

At Port Merion, on Tremadoc Bay Estuary, he has built a replica of an Italian village. There are charming cottages whose walls are painted in various colours as they are in Italy, and a fine hotel for those with ample means. We are to imagine beautiful buildings on a sandy shore, backed by the grandeur of Snowdon.

A National Tragedy

THE wisdom of the Minister of Transport in publishing a weekly return of road accidents enables us to watch a matter that affects us all.

The record has now been published since the end of March and shows an alarming growth, 154 deaths being recorded for one week. So we have now touched a rate of over 8000 road deaths a year, or 22 every day!

The injured number about 5000 a week, or 260,000 a year. This figure completely disposes of the view that it is only a few exceptional drivers who are to blame. A few offenders could not kill 8000 people and wound 260,000 in a year.

Tip-Cat

THE flying postman's job is growing, says a newspaper. We thought it was flying.

HAYMAKING is easier than it used to be. Farmers cut it short.

POPULAR school teachers are usually easy-going. Unpopular ones need staying power.

A BEAUTY expert says you can reduce your weight while you sleep. Heavy sleepers will be interested.

MILK will one day be obtained from a tap. That will be a knock for the milkman.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know why picking up a pin is supposed to be lucky. He can't see the point.

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS in children is sometimes put on, says a nurse. Then glasses are.

SOME people seem to get rich by leaps and bounds. Anyone would jump at the chance.

GIRLS write to beauty experts to know how they can improve their looks. Have they tried smiling?

THE BROADCASTER

— C.N. Calling the World

SMALL collections from the staff of an insurance company have given 1000 slum children a day's outing.

EVERY day the Barnardo Homes serve 25,000 meals.

NEARLY 300 local authorities have asked for a law to keep children at school a year longer.

A PACKET of 47 £5 notes has been received by Newcastle Eye Infirmary from somebody unknown.

JUST AN IDEA

Every moor and mountain and sea coast should be free to all.

Sing a Song of Sixpence

CHAILEY is busy getting ready a great push to obtain fifty thousand pounds for good hostels for its Nurses and Toddlers, and for many other improvements, all to be built, as is fitting, with Sussex bricks and by Sussex workmen in the very heart of that beautiful county, for Chailey's windmill is its exact centre.

Princess Alice has been round the Heritage, and was delighted to see the bright little cripples. Only two million shining sixpences are needed to get together the money required.

Only two millions; but Mrs Kimmins is the cheerful Chief of Beggars, and she has raised three-quarters of a million pounds already; so she will win. She has built up the famous Heritage Craft Schools at Chailey, where cripples live happily and grow strong and learn to love life and be useful in the world, and she knows that everyone of us has sixpence we can spare, for has not the Chancellor of the Exchequer given us sixpence back in every pound, some of us hundreds and some of us thousands of them? And so Mrs Kimmins, C.B.E. (Chief Beggar of England), knows that her sixpences will come, and she has made this song for us to sing about them as they come rolling in:

Sing a Song of Sixpences,
The Chancellor's Birthday Gift.
Let every English householder
Respond by action swift.
Two million shining Sixpences
Make fifty thousand pounds
To finish off the Heritage
And buildings in its grounds.
Good hostels for the nurses
And one for toddlers too,
In place of leaky army huts
Where rain comes dripping through.
Rise up, O happy parents,
And aunts and uncles too,
Fond grandpapas and grandmamas
And friends both old and new,
And give, collect, and swiftly send
Sixpences by the score
Till all the fifty thousand pounds
Are in the bank, and more.
And on the walls in time to come
These words shall graven be:
*By Sixpences these Walls were raised
As Empire Sympathy.*
And as of old, so still today
Be writ for all to see:
*Who gave to these my Suffering Ones,
That Gift was made to Me.*

Every C.N. friend, as a special privilege, may send as many sixpences as he likes.

A Prayer For Those Who Serve

Our Father, Thou hast given us our lives that we may work for the coming of Thy kingdom.

May we use our hands to work for others. May our feet be ever taking us about Thy business. May our minds seek for ways of helping those who need us. With our whole bodies and minds we would thus worship Thee, that those we meet may be happier and the world brighter because we have lived. Amen.

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HERR HITLER'S DAY OF JUDGMENT

THE RED THIRTIETH OF JUNE

Nazism Goes Back To the Horror of the Dark Ages

CHANCELLOR AND HIS OLD FRIENDS

Whatever history may say of Hitlerism it will remember its Day of Judgment. Not in our lifetime has there been anything quite like it.

Certainly no nation in modern times has passed through such fearful adventures as Germany; a fearful price she has paid for militarism. For all the world the war has left its wreck of ruin and suffering, but for Germany it has been a long, long trail unparalleled in all our human story.

Ghastly Crimes

The C.N. has never ceased to report what it has felt to be the truth about the Nazi Government and its reign of terror, and it has received a running stream of indignant letters from Germany for giving false news and creating false impressions of the magnificent work of the Nazis. Now it seems that Hitlerism itself has come to realise that its power has been built up and maintained by something akin to a spirit of brutality and suppression; and in a desperate effort to free the Nazi movement from its most degrading element its leaders have staggered the world with a series of ghastly crimes which must remain a blot on their history for ever.

The end is not yet, and no man knows what may come at last, but the terrible events of the Thirtieth of June are a part of history.

On that day Herr Hitler himself with his chief supporters, General Goering and Herr Goebbels, wreaked a terrible vengeance on their enemies, arresting them, throwing them into prison cells, and shooting them. For weeks there had been open hostility in the Nazi ranks, and even the Vice-Chancellor, Herr von Papen, had been driven to declare that things could not go on.

The Terrible Day

On this Thirtieth of June Herr Hitler and his chief lieutenants struck suddenly at a group of their leaders who were said to be in rebellion, and at well-known men outside the movement who were declared to be traitors.

Goering, whose brutal methods have many times horrified civilised countries, acted ruthlessly in Prussia while Herr Hitler himself flew by night to Munich, where he arrested two of his most notorious supporters in their beds and had them shot. One of them, Captain Roehm, had stood at Hitler's side behind the barricades in the days when Herr Hitler himself was thrown into prison, and he had been one of the Chancellor's closest friends, the creator of the Brown Army with which so much of his work has been done. The captain was left in a cell with a revolver and told to commit suicide, but he refused and was shot. Edmund Heines, another leader, long closely associated with Hitler, was the second man arrested in his bed by Hitler himself; and he, too, was shot. Herr Hitler declared that these two old friends of his were brutal and immoral and corrupting the youth of the Nazi movement. So they were.

In appointing a new Chief of Staff to take the place of Captain Roehm Herr Hitler issued a decree which seems to explain much of what lies behind these acts of violence.

Every Brown Army leader, he said, must set an example by his behaviour; anyone whose public behaviour gave ground for complaint was to be expelled. They must set an example of simplicity, not of display. Their funds

THREE CHEERS FOR MR LAKE

A most cheering letter has reached us from Australia announcing the arrival in London of 20 cases containing nearly 6000 apples which the C.N. has distributed among poor children.

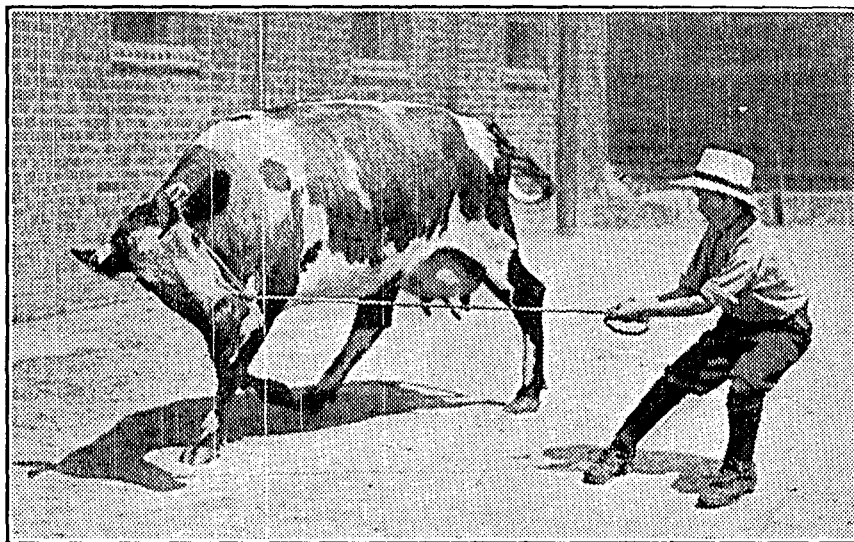
The rosy apples are cheery enough in themselves, as a lot of children will have found by the time this is in print; but what especially pleases us is the arrival of these cases again after a gap of some years, when our friend in Australia found things too difficult to send them.

Many a time the C.N. has distributed apples for him, and we knew that the Great Depression must have reached him when he wrote saying that he would have to stop sending them. After that

the arrival of the apples means more to us than any statistics concerning the revival of trade. Times are better: the apples have come again!

The good friend who sends them, Mr Lake of Bridgetown in Western Australia, admits that the producers have had a hard time the last year or two, and adds that he still gets only 9s for a case which sells for 21s at Covent Garden, and he has to pay his expenses out of that. It is all wrong, but things are just a bit better, and in the meantime Mr Lake, like a wise man, has his reward in another way, for there are hundreds of poor children who today cry Three Cheers for Mr Lake of Australia and then go on munching his apples.

FARMERS OF TOMORROW



A difference of opinion at milking-time



These pictures were taken at Mr Fegan's Training Farm at Goudhurst in Kent, where boys are taught all kinds of land-work.

Continued from the previous column

were not to be used for feasting, nor the pennies contributed by the very poorest citizens used for gourmandising. They were not to use expensive limousines. They must keep the Brown Army clean and decent, so that every mother might send her son into it without fear lest he should be morally ruined. "I want men as leaders," said Herr Hitler, "not ridiculous monkeys."

To all this there can be no exception; it is what we should expect to hear from any great chief of men, and it is finely said. But such fine speeches do not explain the terrible series of ghastly crimes, murders, and executions, which have involved the deaths of General von Schleicher, who was Chancellor before Hitler, and of his wife, who was killed in trying to save his life. It is said that the general was plotting against Hitler with some foreign Power, but that is hardly to be believed.

Among the other victims were Herr von Bose, who was on the staff of Vice-Chancellor von Papen, and Herr Klausner, a high Catholic official. One man who was shot was to have been in a few days President of the Upper Government of Bavaria. None was spared who was under suspicion; even Von Papen himself was arrested for a time and then became a prisoner in his house. All this time President von Hindenburg was at his country seat, very ill.

The last page in this new chapter in the terrible story of a stricken nation is being written, and all who long for the peace of Europe must hope that this violence will be brought to an end, and that what seems to be like a desperate attempt of Hitlerism "to swing to the Right" will bring some measure of public order back to Germany and save her from some of the brutalities that have been associated with the meanest revolution ever known.

WHAT ABOUT THIS? KEEPING CRUELTY ALIVE

The Way Round the Act of Parliament For the Birds

TRADE IN MEANNESS

The Wild Birds Act is one of the most hopeful signs of the times, but unfortunately the craze for keeping wild birds in cages is thwarting its intent.

In a London street is a long hall lined with cages, and on the pavement outside a crowd of men and women may usually be seen staring with fatuous wonder at the twittering birds flying wildly about in the cages overhanging the street.

Walking down this hall of unhappiness, wherever one looks there seem to be queer little blunt-billed finches.

"They are African finches," said one of the men; "we have two thousand of them in the shop."

A Painful Spectacle

It was painful to watch these little winged creatures. In each cage (many holding more than 60 captives) these tiny and bewildered birds sat packed together on a perch. Some were continually being pushed off. Below them a number of others hopped about unhappily pecking for seeds. In every crowded cage there were never-ceasing flutterings against the wires, frail pairs of legs and coloured under-feathers were flattened against them until the birds wrenched themselves away to make a new dash for freedom. The monotony of the ceaseless movement in the cages was terrible.

It was six in the evening and watering time. Two men went round noisily pulling out the water receptacles, emptying them mechanically, and refilling them. In the middle of the hall were squawking parrots. Five young starlings in a cage added to the din. "Live birds. Urgent" was written on some cages ready for a dismal journey. "Imported bullfinches" were the unhappy occupants of other cages.

How starlings and bullfinches can be sold under the new Act we do not know, for the starling is a British bird and even the German bullfinch as a visitor to Britain, is protected under the Act.

Why Discriminate?

The tiny African finches, poor little things, will continue to be sold till Parliament goes a step farther and puts an end to the sale of all caged birds. It is ridiculous to pretend that it is less cruel to keep a finch in a cage if it has come all the way from Africa and had a terrifying journey as well. Why discriminate among the birds?

We know the answer. It is so that the buyers and sellers of wild birds should not have their trade ruined. But we stopped slavery altogether, and did not just halve it because we were so sorry for the poor slave-dealers and their trade.

The C.N. believes that sympathy will be better concentrated on the birds than on the men who cage them.

What the immediate future will bring to Germany and to Hitlerism is still mysterious, but the world was not to be deceived by the sudden quiet following this fearful storm. When the dust is cleared away, and truth takes the place of official explanations, it will probably be found that the relentless pressure of public opinion has at last begun to work on the Nazis, that Hitler decided to drop the Brown Army which has terrorised the nation so long, and that he chose this terrible way of removing from his path the men he feared, of getting rid of the Storm Troops whose work was done, and of moderating his policy in order to meet the pressure of opinion which was hemming him in.

It is all like a story from the medieval ages, the sort of bloodshed through which Richard the Third waded to the throne; and though it cannot succeed in the end it is possible by such means to declare for a little while that all is quiet.

RAMSGATE LOOKS BACK

PAGEANTRY IN ITS YEAR OF JUBILEE

A Harbour at One of England's Gates

ITS NORMAN CHURCH

Ramsgate, an old harbour of England which has looked out for centuries from the North Foreland at ships passing to and fro from London, has been celebrating the jubilee of its charter with a splendid historical pageant.

The Lord Mayor of London, with his sheriffs, opened it in state, and among other distinguished visitors to the town have been the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Allenby, and Lord Reading, who is Warden of the Cinque Ports, Ramsgate's five southern harbours, so important to England in medieval days.

Dignity and Beauty

Ramsgate has seen something of history too, scenes which have been re-enacted in the grounds of Ellington Park this month.

The town itself does not lack interest today. Perhaps the best peep of it is from the hill with the fine colonnaded terrace of houses, looking down on the harbour of 50 acres, which has been known to hold 400 sail. The pier was built by Smeaton in 1750.

Another splendid place it has on the opposite hill, where one of the most attractive spaces we know has been laid out with great dignity and beauty round a bandstand. The sands below were one of the places where, years ago, Princess Victoria was allowed to amuse herself freely; in the house facing the bandstand she learned some of her first lessons in the days when she had two muslin and two plain frocks for summer, and when her mother was wondering if the little one would be Queen of England and her father was paying his turf debts by borrowing money on the strength of it.

A Memory of Pugin

The church has looked very much as it is for six or seven hundred years. The tower, rising on four colossal piers, has Norman-arcading. The chancel and nave are 13th century; the old wood screen is 15th century; and the two brasses are about the same age. The one on the screen is of an unknown lady with a butterfly headdress, and the one on the chancel wall is Nicholas Manston in his armour of 1444. He lived at Manston Court close by, now a farmhouse with some ruins of a chapel.

The church has very good timbers and king-posts; the chancel roof especially is charming. There is an old chest, also an ancient piscina with two stone heads on the arch.

The obelisk on the front marks the place from which George the Fourth sailed for Hanover, and the bust on the granite pedestal is of Augustus Pugin, who gave much promise as an architect in helping with the Houses of Parliament in his youth, and died at Ramsgate still young, believing that the sea and the building of churches were the only things worth living for.

FREEING OUR TRADE WITH FRANCE

Our trade dispute with France is happily at an end, and a new commercial agreement has been signed. This will benefit our miners and our silk importers.

French quotas for imports from this country have been restored to 100 per cent, while the British surtax of 20 per cent on certain French goods has been removed. The agreement has been linked up with an important arrangement between our mine-owners and the French exporters of pit props, two tons of prop wood being exchanged for three tons of coal.

The agreement lasts until next April, but it is expected that it will be renewed.

HOW TO PAY

A Good Idea For Our Politicians

ONE WAY OF SETTLING OUR WAR DEBTS

The British Government has replied to America that it sees no possible way of paying debts "in kind" as the American Government suggested; but that it is willing to consider any proposal.

We were writing the other day about new ways of paying old debts, and here is another way in which they could be partly paid in kind.

Mr Theodore Morison, writing from Paris to the Manchester Guardian, has elaborated in enthusiastic terms a suggestion made by that newspaper that debtor countries might offer scholarships to the young men and women of creditor countries.

He expresses the belief that France would be delighted to have the opportunity of settling her debts to us by this method, for the French wish to see more English visitors, and believe that their educational system is a good one and that their literature contains some notable contributions to human thought.

The Best Ambassadors

Mr Morison suggests we should invite the French Government to offer 1000 scholarships of £200 a year each to our young men and women in part payment of their debts. As this sum would represent the interest on £5,000,000 it is by no means a small contribution. There would be no question of transfer, for all the money would be spent in France.

On their part the scholars would acquire such an exact knowledge of the French language that both commerce and industry between the two peoples would be promoted, for a country living on its export trade could not afford to be ignorant of the speech of its customers.

The C.N. warmly endorses this proposal, with all its promise of international goodwill, for young people are the best ambassadors in any land to which they go to stay with serious intent.

PROPHECY JUSTIFIED

The Pilot and the Show

In a book just published, called Stand Easy, by Flying-Officer Hurren, the author tells us that, while air-pilots treat death lightly, they are not fond of showing-off to the public. This is what he says of stunting for sightseers.

One day there will be a nasty accident. An aircraft will crash in the crowd and kill a few dozen of the closely-packed multitude. Then, perhaps, they will cry Stop.

The thing prophesied has just happened. In Yugo-Slavia, at a display to encourage the Serbs to be air-minded, a pilot looped the loop and crashed into the crowd. Eight people were killed and many injured. The pilot was killed.

At the R.A.F. Pageant in London, also, the death of the Lord Mayor of London's son was witnessed by a crowd of 150,000 people.

THE DRAPERS AND THE HATTERS

The tendency to discard hats and superfluous clothes is frowned upon by hatters and drapers.

The hatless brigade among men increases every year, and despite every temptation, girls and women insist upon being comfortable.

Hence the strenuous endeavours to introduce fashions that consume more material. Frocks are longer, and the flounces and old-fashioned furbelows again appear. It is hopeless for the drapers, however, to expect women again to upholster themselves as in the days of our grandmothers. Perhaps they will be more successful in persuading them to buy two simple dresses instead of a single complicated one!

A WILDERNESS OF WONDER

America's New Great Park

News comes from America that Congress has authorised the formation of the Everglades National Park, an area of 2500 square miles in Florida.

The Everglades was originally a marsh 140 miles long and 40 miles wide, but much of the northern part has been reclaimed, the wonderfully fertile soil producing bananas, sugar, and rice. The land in the new park is hardly worth draining, but as a national playground it should attract thousands each winter to see the only sub-tropical flowers and animals in the United States.

Some of the wilderness has never been explored, and the wild cat, deer, bear, and panther still roam in the shade of the royal palms. Storks, egrets, and cranes can already be seen from the road to Miami, and new sanctuaries are expected to bring back the flamingoes.

The many islands off the coast are as unspoiled as when the famous naturalist John Audubon came to England in 1826 to lecture on the richness of Florida's birdlife. Since his day we have discovered that they are largely artificial, being made of embankments of shells by a people who were building pyramids in the days of Columbus.

The American people are coming into enjoyment of a wonderful possession, and as it is opened up steps will be taken to protect it for future generations.

See World Map

PEACE FOR EVER

By the Russian Ambassador

We people of the Soviets do not believe that war is inevitable or inexorable.

We consider that war is not the product of some organic quality of human nature, but is a result of the defective organisation of human society.

We are firmly convinced that the Socialist organisation of the human society at which we are working so hard in our country will finally destroy at their roots the reasons which produce war and will ensure a stable and permanent peace between the peoples.

Peace is the most important principle of the Soviet foreign policy. It could not be otherwise.

A country which draws inspiration in its life and efforts from the ideals of Socialism—a country engaged in Socialist reconstruction on a scale never seen before in history; a country which has within its frontiers from the Baltic to the Pacific immeasurable resources cannot and in reality does not harbour any aggressive intentions.

The Soviet Union wants peace, only peace—prolonged, permanent, and unlimited peace.

RANJI'S SUN ROOM

A Wish Comes True

Ranji, the famous Indian cricketer, was a great lover of children.

When he became the ruler of his little State of Jamnagar, after retiring from the cricket field, he was determined to introduce modern hygiene and present-day scientific methods in his kingdom. One of his schemes was to give to sickly children opportunities of healthy development.

Ranji used to go each winter to Aix-les-Bains for treatment, and was greatly struck with the idea of the solarium, where the full benefits of the Sun could be had. He was determined to introduce one in Jamnagar, and, though he died before its completion, his nephew has carried the work through.

The solarium has 16 cubicles built with glass which allows the healing rays of the Sun to pour in. It revolves on an axle and stands on a strongly-built cement base. Children suffering from tuberculosis, rheumatism, and anaemia will receive free treatment here.

A TRAGEDY OF THE QUICKSANDS

Three Boys Leaping From a Boat

MYSTERIOUS AND IRRESISTIBLE POWER

Once more there comes into the news a tragedy of quicksands, this time on the shores of France near Cherbourg, resulting in the death of three eager boys on holiday.

As soon as the boat in which they had been sailing reached shallow water the boys leaped out. Instantly they were caught and held by the sands. They had jumped into quicksands, which sucked them under quickly, burying them completely before the fishermen could rescue them.

Fortunately we have not many of these deadly quicksands round our coasts, but they do exist—on the Lancashire coast, for instance. Several years ago we told the story of the narrow escape of a fisherman whose horse and cart were actually sucked under at Southport. The famous Goodwin Sands become quicksands when covered by the sea. So powerful are they that 200 years ago 13 warships were sucked into them on one memorable night.

To many people quicksands are a great mystery. They are specially to be watched for in the estuaries of rivers. What happens is that the sand is permeated by the water and moves with its currents. It does not become sticky, but it is the weight of this moving sand which gives it its irresistible power. Water flowing below the level of the sand or rising up through it in the form of springs causes permanent quicksands.

HARD TIMES IN ITALY

More Cutting Down

MUST MUSSOLINI STOP HIS RECONSTRUCTION?

The drastic measures taken by Signor Mussolini last April in his endeavours to reduce the National Budget and the cost of living have not been able to stem the approach of a financial crisis.

It will be recalled that these steps reduced by 20 per cent the salaries of all members of the Government, including that of Signor Mussolini himself. The tax on bachelors was doubled, while the salaries of all State employees were reduced. Rents of houses and shops were also reduced, while the foodstuffs sold in cooperative shops were priced at 10 per cent less than before.

Italy's new financial year begins this month and, unless there are further economies, there will be an even larger Budget deficit than last year, a deficit which in the first half-year amounted to £26,000,000. With a view to easing the situation Signor Mussolini is endeavouring to save £10,000,000 on Civil Service expenses. Salaries of Government servants will have to be reduced still more; and it is feared that the Duce will have to mark time in the restoration of the ancient monuments, a work which has brought great prestige to his country.

THE QUIETEST ROOM

In the little church built by the Sykes family at Sledmere village in North Yorkshire is a tiny room in the roof approached by narrow winding stone stairs.

It is a miniature study, hung with beautiful tapestry, and contains a wooden table and four wooden chairs. On the table is the Bible with a few devotional books.

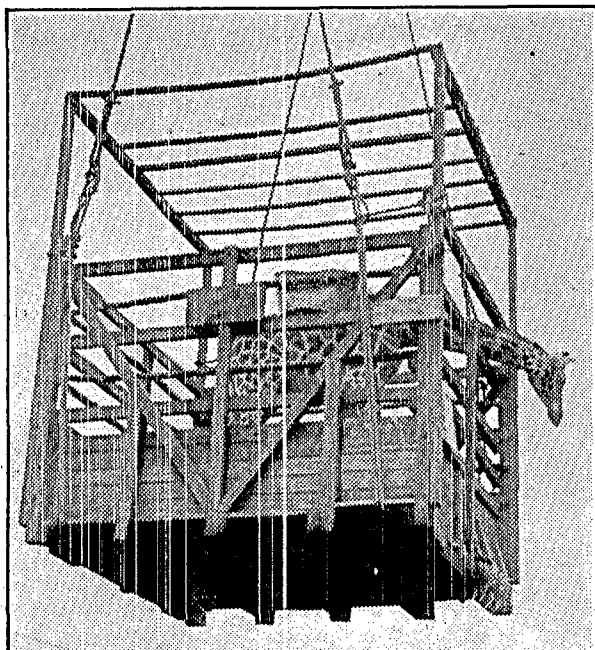
This room is set apart for rest and devotion, free to anyone who cares to enter, and all who are passing through the village are welcome to use it. Those who have done so declare that it is the quietest room in England.

July 14, 1934

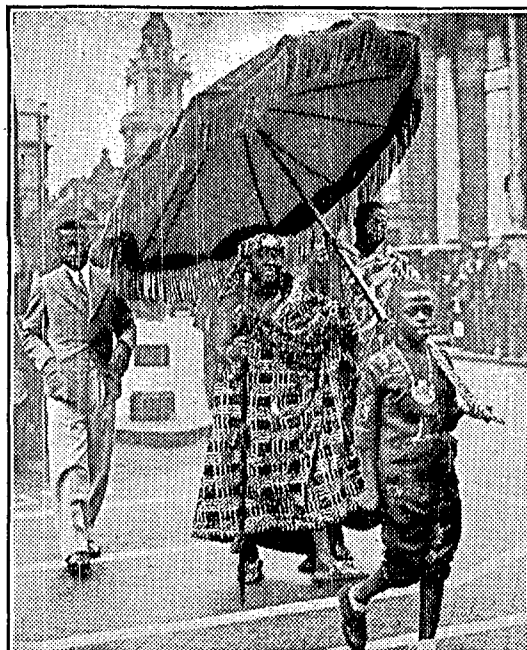
The Children's Newspaper

9

A STATE UMBRELLA · RED INDIANS OF KENT · LITTLE GOLDEN HIND



So This is England—One of the three young giraffes which were brought from Kenya to the Zoo landing at the London Docks by means of a crate and a crane. See page 13.



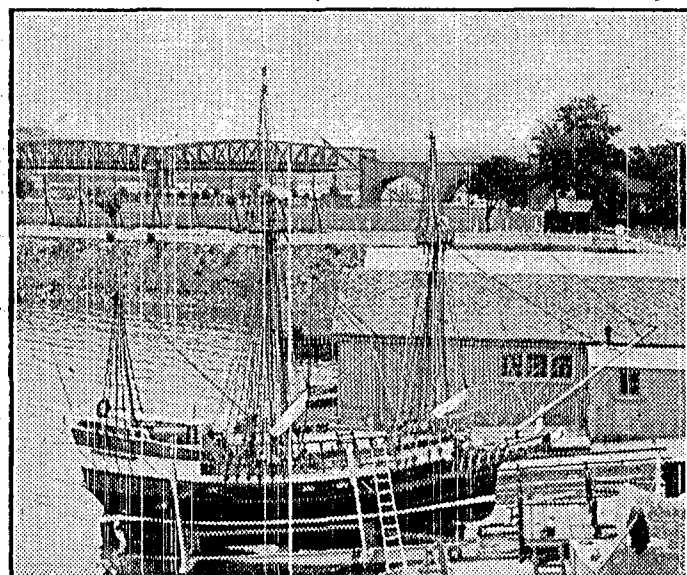
A State Umbrella—Sir Ofori Atta, Paramount Chief of the Gold Coast, is here seen crossing Trafalgar Square sheltered by his state umbrella. See page 11.



Well Caught—Dinner-time causes great excitement in the new penguin pool at the London Zoo. Here we see the flutter of anticipation when the keeper begins to distribute the fish.



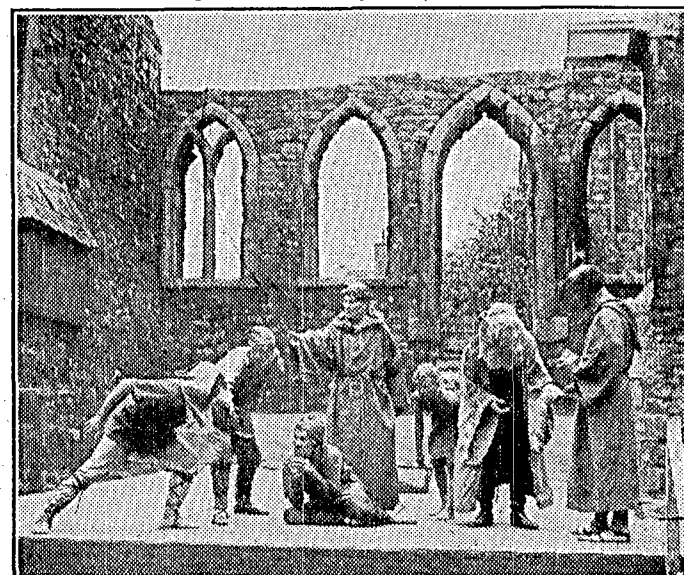
Red Indians of Kent—When the Prince of Wales visited the County Fair at Maidstone he was welcomed by schoolchildren. Among them were Boy Scouts dressed as Red Indians.



The Little Golden Hind—A half-size model of Drake's ship has been launched at Devonport for the Plymouth Navv Week.



At the Zoo—Pickles is the name of this three-months-old Syrian bear.



An Unusual Stage—The ruins of the Bishop's Palace of Bristol Cathedral formed a background for the presentation of a little play of St Francis.

THE CREATION OF AN ELEMENT

ENRICO FERMI'S 93

Opening of a Wonderful New Chapter in Science

YOUNG ITALIAN'S DISCOVERY

A young Italian physicist, Enrico Fermi, has added another element to the 92 already known. Till it has been named it will be simply 93.

Like radium it is radio-active, and never ceases to explode its particles.

The explorers of such radio-active elements do not assign a period for their whole existence, but calculate that in a given time half the particles will have gone. The half-period of radium is 2000 years. That of thorium is 22,000 million years. One of the products of actinium lasts as an element only a few seconds. The half-life of 93 is 13 minutes; it is an element that is made.

Theory and Experiment

During most of the 19th century the elements were thought to be assemblages of atoms, indestructible and indivisible, like hard, immeasurably small billiard balls; and each of these building bricks of the world, unchanged since its creation, was regarded as different.

Toward the end of the century radium and radio-activity were discovered, and it was proved that some of the elements were changing. The theory was changed to suit the new facts; the experimenters then began to try to reproduce Nature's changes.

Instead of the atomic billiard ball a new kind of sphere was imagined filled with different kinds of electric particles. It was like a planetary system where electrons whirled about a central sun made up of more massive protons, as units of electricity are called.

Astonishing Finds

On this basis the order of 92 elements was again reconstructed. Hydrogen, as before, with an electron and a proton, was at the bottom. Uranium at the top, and numbered 92, had a sun consisting of 238 protons and 238 differently distributed electrons.

There were gaps in the theory, but it seemed that nothing could exist beyond the heavy and complicated uranium, the ancestor of several radio-active elements.

A change came when the physicists began to bombard the gases of elements with electric particles to see if they could split them and make them change into something else. Many astonishing things were found, including two new kinds of particles belonging to the atom. One was the neutron, the other the positron, and with their aid more astonishing things were done to the atoms.

Madame Curie and M. Joliot next showed that some elements could be made radio-active and in a limited way would continue to behave like radium. They produced new radio elements.

Old Elements and the New

Signor Fermi produced, also artificially, new radio-active elements of a kind, but these still retained the characteristics of the old elements from which they sprang. At last, however, when he attacked uranium, which seemed to be Nature's heaviest and most unchangeable product, he achieved a success that has astonished the rest of the world.

Out of uranium, or element 92, he produced a new element indisputably unlike any other, and possible to classify only as more complex than uranium itself. For that reason it is numbered 93.

The discovery, it would seem, opens a new chapter in science. On the one hand we have the astronomers, pushing back farther the limits of the Universe, and on the other the physicists, finding new foundations of the stars in the elements composing them.

The Switzerland of England

Are You a Friend of the Lakes?

SOMEbody has had the excellent idea of forming a group of Friends of the Lake District.

The society was founded at Keswick, with bold Skiddaw as a background and the lake of Derwentwater guiding the eye away to the lovely slopes of Borrowdale, and it is appealing for support from all who treasure memories of the Lakes or have high hopes of visiting this lovely region some day.

The objects of the new society are to work for a unified policy for the district as a whole; to encourage such local and national opinion as will ensure that the authorities will take full advantage of the powers given to them under the Town and Country Planning Act; and to raise a fund for compensation to the owners of any land which is to be reserved under that Act for agriculture or as private or public open spaces. Anyone may become a member of the society on payment of 2s. 6d., and Mr Kenneth Spence of Sawrey House, Ambleside, is the secretary.

Loveliness of Buttermere

As Sir Charles Trevelyan said, one cannot think of the loveliness of Buttermere changed to a shore dotted with red-roofed bungalows, which would do more harm to thousands than any good they could do to ten clever men inhabiting them. Motor trials should be held elsewhere, there should be a limit to the development of minerals, and ribbon development should be prevented. It was far better, he concluded, to make Lakeland a holiday paradise than a second-rate industrial district.

Few regions indeed can equal this lovely paradise of ours, perhaps the most diversified and beautiful patch of mountain land of its size in the whole world. Within a circle but 30 miles across there are 180 mountains over 2000 feet high, 16 large lakes, and 48 smaller lakes; through the hills and mountains 20 passes cleave their way.

We sometimes forget when comparing these mountains with those in Switzerland or the Tyrol that relatively to their valleys these heights of ours stand out as boldly, and that, except for the ice and snow, there are as many feet to climb as there are abroad.

For instance, Scafell Pike with its 3210 feet is more than 3000 feet above Wastdale at its base. These lake mountains of England spring suddenly and loftily from low green valleys and abound in swift changes from soft and quiet beauty to rugged grandeur; they are a medley of hills closely compressed as if Nature had tried to place as much as possible on a small showground.

Wonderful Windermere

There is only one way to appreciate them in all their glory and to obtain a true idea of the personality of each mountain or of the grouping of the peaks, and that is by walking or by riding a surefooted pony.

Those who know this district best declare that there is only one lake which is open enough to give a wide and distant view, and that is Windermere, the view being from the comparatively low hills separating Windermere from Conistown with Esthwaite Water between them.

Let us take a walk or two on the high hills and look across at the rugged ranges of this fascinating country and peep down into some of the valleys, where lakes reflect the panoply of the skies.

Leaving the steamer at Bowness-on-Windermere and walking up the Troutbeck Valley we can gradually work our way through Garburn Pass to the Yoke, one of half a dozen well-marked peaks on the eastern range. We find ourselves on a rather narrow mountain ridge like a switchback. Precipices are its eastern edge and it is the highest High Street in England.

It is one of the great ribs of our island, for the waters that rush down Mardale are on their way to the Solway Firth and those that trickle down the

stony pass of Kendal emerge finally in Morecambe Bay. It is a remarkable street on which we walk, and street is its true name, a Roman word, for the Romans made one of their roads right along its ridge, a road which can still be traced in places for 15 miles.

From one of its peaks, Thornthwaite Crag, we can look down into the deep, rugged, mountain basin where lie two mountain tarns hemmed in by stern rocks; below them is the lovely lake of Hawes Water, and far across on the horizon are the Pennines.

Lakeland, however, lies to the west, the view extending from Morecambe Bay northward. Clear-cut over Lancashire rises the Old Man guarding Conistown and its Water. Then come the Crinkle Crag and the fine peak of Bow Fell, beyond which are Scafell and Scafell Pike, divided by a great chasm. North of these are the steepes of Great Gable, Langdale Pikes are to the right, above Grasmere and its lake, with Ambleside at the head of Lake Windermere round the corner.

Northward from Grasmere runs the long, deep valley in which is Lake Thirlmere, whose eastern shores rise to cloud-capped Helvellyn. The range of which Helvellyn is the centre runs parallel with the High Street on which we stand, separated from it to the north by the lovely lake of Ullswater.

A Glorious Scene

Another of Lakeland's memorable walks is to be made on this ridge. Helvellyn itself reveals a glorious scene, the mountain falling down sheer on its eastern side into deep glens with narrow ledges striking from it several hundred feet below the summit and linking up this mountain with outlying peaks. Striding Edge and Swirrel Edge are two of the routes by which the finest ascents of the mountain can be made. Deep down between these Edges lies a little pear-shaped lake, Red Tarn.

High Street and Helvellyn are but two of the glorious view-points in this group of hills. Lovely vistas stretch before the climber whether he essay the heights east, west, south, or north. It is a region tramped over by enthusiasts who love all its rugged features and long that others should know them in the only way they can be known, by plodding over their rocky tracks.

These grand acres are essentially the haunts of those who are young in body and mind, and the youth of England should become Friends of the Lake District and help in preserving it in its beauty for ever. *Pictures on page 11*

A RADIO EYE

To Avert Fog Collisions at Sea

The latest report of the Radio Research Board describes developments which will give a navigator clear warning during fog. The developments consist of improved methods of using the cathode ray for direction-finding.

When the new methods are put into practice ships in fog areas will automatically transmit signals at convenient intervals of a few seconds on a 600-metre wave, each signal lasting about a hundredth of a second. It will be picked up in other vessels in the form of lines thrown on to an oscillograph screen. Thus, by the directions shown on the screen, the relative bearings of all ships in the fog areas will be known. Should any of these bearings be of constant direction and increasing length it will be clear that two vessels are closing for a collision, and their courses will be altered accordingly.

Ships at present are not fitted with this new radio eye, but the Radio Research station at Slough has designed and built one of convenient dimensions, and the day may not be far distant when the apparatus will be carried in the charthouse of all vessels, and by its warnings fog collisions will be averted.

THE QUICK HOUSE

A WISE WORD FROM GUILDFORD

Modern Cheap Substitute For Good Bricks

A SURVEYOR'S WARNING

Long ago a term was coined for building in which the cheapest materials and the least possible labour were used. The term was Jerrybuilding; it was felt to be appropriate, and it stuck.

We are quite sure, however, that never before the war was such poor work foisted on the public as is now sold on hire-purchase terms.

It is all unfair, for few people know anything about building, and when a wall is plastered, however built, who is to know what is under the plaster?

We are glad, therefore, that one borough surveyor has put his foot down on a very important point, the use of substitutes for honest brick. The borough surveyor of Guildford in Surrey has sent out a circular to the local builders which runs:

Breeze blocks are not approved as a suitable alternative to good whole bricks. They are not approved for the construction of external or party walls or for walls which are weight-carrying. Their use is approved only for partitions and fixings.

These breeze blocks are made of coke ashes and cement. They are cheap to buy and cheap to lay. Because they are much bigger than bricks a wall of them can be erected quickly. But they are not a good material. Often, if made with little cement and not matured, they are very bad.

The Breeze-Block Wall

It seems incredible, but of recent years houses have been built mainly of these contrivances. A fashion has sprung up among jerrybuilders of making what they call a cavity wall. This consists of two thin skins, the inner of which has to bear all the weight of the joists, floors, and roofs. Yet it is this weight-bearing skin that the jerrybuilder makes of breeze blocks.

It is astonishing that any local authorities should allow such building to be done.

Is the Minister of Health unacquainted with these things? Has he ever examined a breeze-block wall? Has he ever inquired into the cases of cracking and bulging which so often occur?

Tens of thousands of quite poor people are buying such fabrications by monthly instalments, in pure ignorance. Soon heavy repairs will be needed, although it is impossible properly to repair a jerrybuilt house. It is high time that public warning was issued to builders, and we are glad that Guildford has moved in the matter.

JOHN CARLETON AND HIS PUDDING

Millions Follow a Good Example

The oldest Commissioner in the Salvation Army has died at 86.

He was John Aickin Carleton, who joined the Army long, long ago when it was in its babyhood and funds were very hard to get.

One day General Booth asked for ideas, and Carleton replied:

"By going without pudding for a year I shall save 50s. This I will do."

That homely, humble, but practical offer gave the General the idea of a Self-Denial appeal, and in 1886 the Army began to keep Self-Denial Week, when everyone was asked to go without something and give the money saved to feed the hungry, or buy shoes for little naked feet. Now it has become a yearly institution, and thousands of pounds are raised, all because John Carleton thought of giving up pudding.

MORE LIGHT IN MINES

After Many Years
10,000 MINERS SUFFERING
FROM EYE TROUBLE

Not until our coal industry is decadent and threatened have we decided to light our mines better!

The Secretary for the Mines Department has made new and excellent regulations, some of which came into force on July 1, the rest being operative on September 1.

All safety lamps used at the coal-working face and for other specified work in the face area must now satisfy higher standards of candle-power.

On haulage roads underground a carefully-controlled extension of fixed electric lights is to be permitted subject to new conditions designed to ensure safety against explosion. Whitewashing at junctions, passbyes, and other important traffic points (as well as machinery rooms) is made compulsory.

Only those who know the meaning of absolute darkness as it is felt in a coal-mine can appreciate the need for reform. Nystagmus, an involuntary oscillation of the eyeballs, is caused by the darkness, and 10,000 miners are suffering from this form of eye disease.

EASTERN POTENTATES COME TO TOWN

The Great Umbrella in London

So widely has the Western style of dress been adopted that Londoners rejoiced at the sight of three Nigerian rulers and their retinue in their native costumes adding picturesqueness to the scene wherever they went.

The three rulers were the Sultan of Sokoto and the Emirs of Kano and Gwandu. Their domains are in the north of the Protectorate, where they rule over nearly 4,000,000 people. Thousands of our readers will have been fortunate enough to see them, for not only have they been to see the great sights of London but visits to York, Liverpool, Manchester, Portsmouth, and Aldershot were included in their programme.

An even more picturesquely-clad African visitor was Sir Ofori Atta, Paramount Chief of the Gold Coast, who moved through London accompanied by an attendant, who held over him his state umbrella, surely the most wonderful that ever sheltered a British subject in London from rain or sun. All London was longing to see the umbrellas up again after the great drought, but little did we expect an umbrella like this. Another companion of the Chief was a boy of nine, who carried his sword.

The English will no longer laugh when they see these surprising costumes, for they realise that their wearers are paying us the highest of compliments in coming across the seas to visit us.

Picture on page 9

THE CHANGING BUS

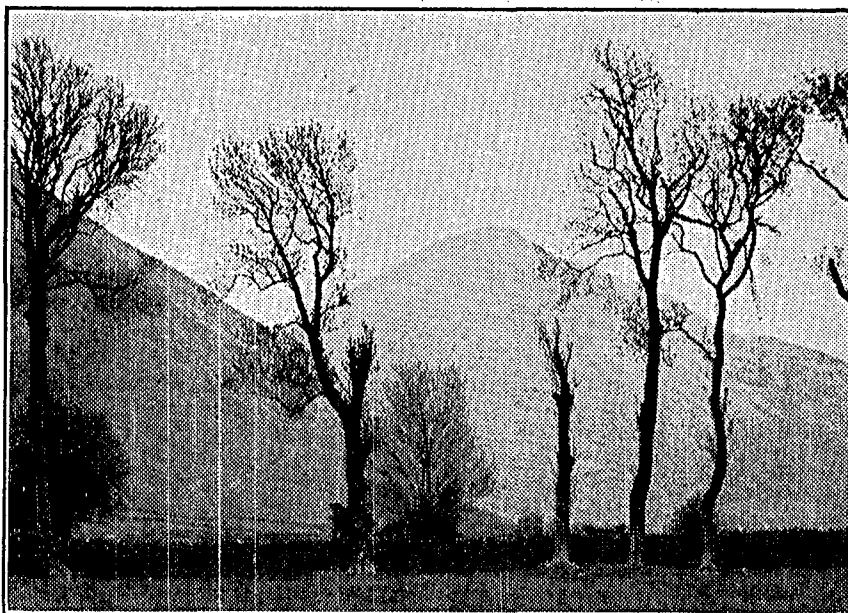
Back and Front Stairs

Perhaps the biggest change a returned Londoner would notice after an absence of a few years would be in the buses.

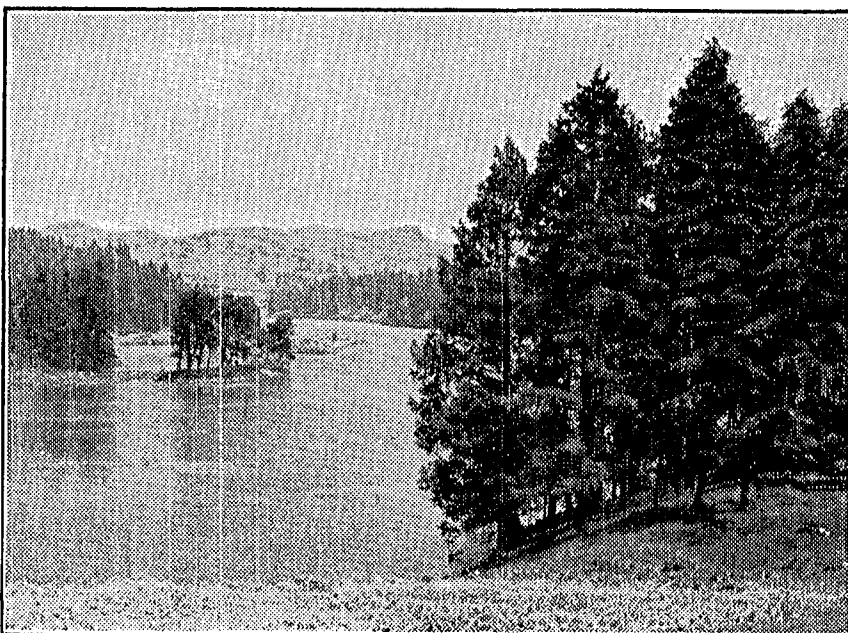
The London bus of today is a very different vehicle from that of ten years ago, and still the design is changing. The latest type is known as the Q, and it differs from its predecessors in having its engine fitted midway between the front and rear axles. To outward appearance the most striking change is the presence of two staircases to the upper deck, the new position of the engine making space for the second at the front of the vehicle by the side of the driver. With these two entrances there should be a great saving of time at busy stopping-places.

Four of the new buses are being tested on various routes.

PEEPS AT LAKELAND



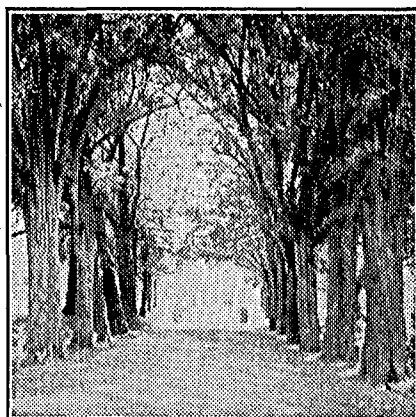
Great Gable, near the head of Wastwater



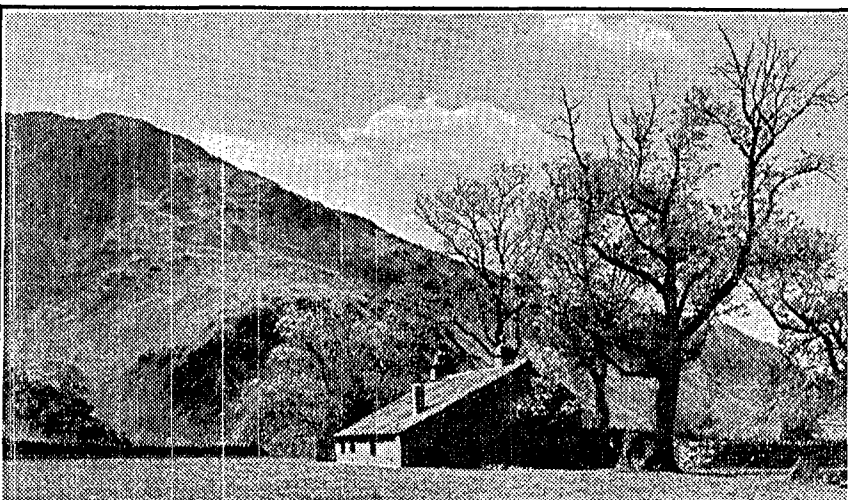
Tarn Hows, a little lake in Lancashire



The ruins of Shap Abbey in Westmorland



An avenue of ancient yews at Lowther Castle



A cottage among the mountains of Ennerdale

A society of Friends of the Lake District has been formed with the object of preserving the beauty of the Lakes. Anyone may become a member for half a crown. See page 10.

GOOD NEWS FOR LONDON HOME-MAKERS

L.C.C. as a Building
Society

CITIZENS MAY BORROW MONEY

Every London citizen should realise that the London County Council is now prepared to use vigorously the legal powers it possesses as a building society.

These powers are possessed by all Metropolitan Boroughs. Last year the L.C.C. lent only £139,000 to home-makers; it wishes now to lend freely.

The L.C.C. is prepared to lend to would-be house-owners, at only 3½ per cent, up to 90 per cent of the value of approved property. The repayments thus become lower than those charged by building societies.

The Council is to advertise its scheme, and we hope the good news for London citizens will be made widely known.

The yearly interest on a loan of £500 at 3½ per cent is less than £19. Doubtless the building societies will take note of the fact and reduce their rates of interest.

Persons living within the county area will be entitled to an advance, although they may desire to build a house outside the county, for properties up to £1500. Builders who contemplate building houses or flats can secure advances as long as the value of each letting does not exceed £1500 freehold.

Applications can be addressed to the Finance Committee at County Hall, London.

HIS LAST GOOD DEED

Poor Gaston Richards

As sad a story as we have read for some time is that of Gaston Richards, who would be alive today had he not wanted to do a good turn for a charity.

All over the world he had given his performance of a human cannon ball, being shot out of the barrel of a kind of gun into a net spread to catch him. But last year, at 53, he decided that it was time to retire. He packed his cannon up in the attic, and settled down to enjoy in a quiet way the small fortune his spectacular act had brought him.

And then, the other day, someone asked him to give his performance just once more for charity.

"Oh, I'm too old for that sort of thing now," said Gaston Richards; but he was persuaded to do it for the last time for this good cause.

His cannon was brought down from the attic, and it seems its springs had grown weak during its storage, for when, after a flash and a bang, the human cannon ball shot through the air he fell short of the net which should have caught him. It was the first accident Gaston Richards had had in his extraordinary career—and his last.

EVEREST MUST BE CLIMBED

The conquest of Mount Everest has become a national ambition, declares Sir Percy Cox, announcing that the Royal Geographical Society considers that the victory of man over this king of mountains must be pursued relentlessly to a finish.

The northern face of the mountain, he said, had proved so difficult that attention was now being given to the southern. Photographs taken during the great flight had shown that this side of Everest has magnificent truncated spurs and steep gorges. The area to the south of Everest, with glaciers stretching at a great height to Chamlang, is apparently of outstanding natural beauty and at the same time of great geographical interest.

At the meeting at which Sir Percy made his speech he handed to Mr Hugh Rutledge the Founder's Medal for his leadership of the Mount Everest Expedition of 1933.

THE BEAUTY OF OLD HANDICRAFTS

ALMSHOUSES THAT HAVE BECOME A MUSEUM

A Home of Treasures in Busy Shoreditch

GEFFRYE'S GARDEN

The pretty oak-panelled parlour of the Pewterers' Hall in Lime Street has found a new home in the Geffrye Museum. It forms the latest treasure in a home of treasures.

A little board fixed to the panelling says that Wren built the room; but as the Pewterers' Hall was the first to be rebuilt after the Great Fire it is generally assumed that Wren was too busy with important churches and halls to plan a little parlour 21 feet long.

The Geffrye Museum in Shoreditch is one of the most attractive museums in England, having been converted from a block of almshouses into a home for furniture and everyday things.

Flower-Bordered Walks

A green garden, with low, formal buildings rising on three sides, draws the eye because of its grace and aloofness from the busy Kingsland Road. Cool stone walks, flower-bordered, follow the buildings round; creepers grow on the walls.

The chief and central note of the block is the pedimented façade of the chapel, with its simple panelled door reached by three steps with railings swinging round and widening to the descent. On either side of the door is a large, round-headed window made of 41 small panes, and over the door, in a recess, stands a brave figure in a great curled wig and 17th-century finery, looking across the green quadrangle toward the City: Sir Robert Geffrye, ironmonger, once Lord Mayor of London.

A Man With a Kind Heart

Robert had a kind heart, and when he died in 1704 he left money for 14 almshouses, a garden, and a chapel "in the country." Two hundred years later, Shoreditch being in the country no more, the Ironmongers Company began to feel uneasy about the almshouses. In the end new ones were built at Mottingham. In 1912 the garden was opened to the public, and two years later the museum.

The buildings go demurely round three sides of Geffrye's garden, even, correct, each with six panels in its green door, a round fanlight, straight railings up the steps, with four knobs on them. Seventy windows exactly alike, of charming proportion, each with 12 little panes, look out on the green lawns now turned into putting greens. The roof lines run parallel and unbroken round the façade.

Against this delightful formality breaks the charming irregularity of the trees. Two immense planes guard the gateway, planes line the wide walk up to the chapel door. Planes and limes, some 200 years old, shade the walls: a little grove of 31 trees.

Pleasant Little Surprises

Near the gate is the bronze bust of Sir W. R. Cremer, M.P. for Haggerston, founder of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, who in 1903 was given the Nobel Prize for his public work.

Walking round the quadrangle we have some pleasant little surprises. Over four of the doorways are the arms of the Ironmongers Company. At one end of the block is set up a round-headed brick niche, curiously embellished with pilasters and mouldings, from an outer wall of Bradmore House in Hammer-smith. Close by is the little cemetery gate which leads into a tiny plot, cool with trees, where Geffrye was first buried. A little gate opening on the children's sand garden leads to the children's playground.

At the opposite end of the block, in front of a small building called the

ONCE UPON A TIME

A True Story For Ramblers

Once upon a time a party of young people went for a picnic.

They made their way through a wood thick with wildflowers, but one said to another: "The flowers look so lovely growing; it seems a pity to pick them."

So they passed on, and no one would have known that men and women had gone that way.

In a beech wood they sat down for lunch, and after they had eaten they gathered together their paper bags and pieces of orange-peel and made a bonfire. When all was burned they raked out the ashes and covered the blackened ground with fresh, loose earth.

No one would have known that men and women had eaten there.

Later in the day they lost their path and found themselves in a field where the grass was growing long. So they kept beside the hedge, where the grass was short, so as not to spoil the hay.

No one would have known that men and women had gone that way.

A VERY GALLANT SPARROW

The C.N. has told many stories of gallantry among animals and birds, but here is one—the more interesting because the motive is difficult to trace.

A housewife in a northern town suspected mice in a wooden building at the back of the house, so she set a trap.

The next morning there was a great commotion in the outhouse. She could hear the excited chirping of a bird and went to see what was the matter. She discovered that a tiny mouse was caught by its tail in the trap. Round and round the trap, at a distance of about four feet, stalked a cat, vainly trying to get at the mouse. It could not do so because a little sparrow, a member of a colony which lived in the roof of the building, was hopping round the mouse. As fast as the cat moved the sparrow moved, and every sally the cat attempted was defeated by the fluttering and chirping of the bird. It flew in the cat's face and so kept it away.

The housewife who tells the story could not account for the sparrow's defence of the captive mouse, nor can we, but we rather hope the plucky defender's attempt was not wasted.

Continued from the previous column

Victoria Room, set up in 1897, are two lead cisterns dated 1736 and 1761. The earlier one is beautifully ornamented with animal shapes—two horses, four dolphins, four stags, two swans. Near to the cisterns is the door of a little lecture hall. Here schoolboys come to lectures on carpentry, furniture, and so on, go through the museum to see what was done in the past, and out into Shoreditch, a centre of the trade, to see what is being done now.

Some of the most delightful work in England is here. We see the development of pots and pans, fireirons, fenders, door-knockers, staircases of all kinds, panelling of all kinds, woodcarving, and turning. Then come extras in the way of chairs, tables, cupboards, and bureaux.

There are nine panelled rooms taken from some place of acknowledged beauty. One is the parlour from Pewterers' Hall, one by that rare genius Alfred Stevens, self-designed, self-carved, presided over by the lion Stevens designed for the British Museum railings.

Here are doorways, balustrades saved from the housebreaker—one, from Essex Street in the Strand, arresting in its superb beauty. A thousand knick-knacks dear to the lover of humble things hang on the walls. Here in these quiet chambers are collected the flotsam and jetsam of hundreds of lives made and carved by workmen who were unconscious of doing anything but comely and sound work. Beautiful because suitably made, their handicrafts have survived to be a lesson for all time.

RUTH'S LITTLE ONES

The Swallows Come Again

From a Country Correspondent

Ruth is a friend of the C.N. and lives in a hamlet about 40 miles, as the crow flies, from London. She has several families—Susan the lovely gold and black and white cat and her naughty sons Toby and Sandy, a barred woodpecker, very handsome in his black and white and crimson, who comes to the apple tree to see if Ruth has thrown out a bone with a bit of marrow in it, and two families of swallows.

For a day Ruth had a very large family indeed, including the poor bees which swarmed in the hamlet letter-box and stopped any news getting into the outside world for 24 hours. Something went wrong with the bees, and they had to be smoked out with sulphur.

An Anxious Time

Ruth has had an anxious time with the swallows this year. From April into May she watched for them, wondering what they would do when they came, for the sparrows had stolen their nests under the eaves. Morning after morning she looked and listened for them coming up from the south. When other people said Good-Morning, Ruth said The swallows are late.

One day something flashed in the air above her head. "They've come," she said, and went round the hamlet telling everybody the swallows were here at last. But where would they nest? Perhaps in the woodshed, or in the smithy by the pond. No one thought of the little chapel in the lane.

Said Ruth with a smile one morning, "Do you see where four of the swallows are going to nest?" She pointed to the chapel windows. In the top left-hand corners, out of the north wind, were some little splashes of mud. Anxious eyes watched the progress of the house-builders. Thousands of journeys were made by the swallows, to and fro between the mud of the pond and the chapel windows. In three days the nests had taken a shape; in six it seemed they had always been there.

Ruth Begins To Worry

One early morning Ruth stood watching with a smile. While she had been in bed the swallows had taken possession of their new houses. In each Mrs Swallow was sitting well tucked in so that if you did not look carefully you would not see her head, and the husband was whirling up and down outside, skimming close by the edge of the nest to smile at her.

Presently Ruth began to look worried. It was all very well today, but what about chapel? The swallows had slung their hammocks between the stone and the wood, and if the windows were opened they would be dislodged. Ruth ran to see the chapel-keeper, and asked him if he would please be so good as to open the windows on Mrs Brown's orchard and not on the lane, as he generally did, because her swallows had made nests in the lane windows.

A Sigh of Relief

The chapel-keeper said he would see to that, indeed he would, and Ruth ran back very much relieved, until Sunday morning brought a fresh crop of anxieties. Suppose the singing and the preaching should upset the swallows? She watched them during the day. They seemed rather cross at so many visitors in their lane, but they did not forsake their new house.

When Monday morning quiet wrapped the hamlet round again Ruth gave a relieved sigh. "They have stood it," she said; "they will be all right now. All I have to do is to wait for the little birds and then keep an eye on Susan and Toby and Sandy."

A BOOK TO OPEN OUR EYES

Wings, Paws, and Fins

LOOKING ABOUT WITH LADY WARWICK

Nature's Quest. By Frances Countess of Warwick. John Murray, 7s 6d.

We have been turning over these pages, and it is just as if we were walking again round Lady Warwick's lovely garden at Easton in Essex, listening to her talking of her flowers and animals and birds, pointing out this and that interesting thing about the life round her.

Lady Warwick was perhaps the first to start a bird sanctuary in this country; and in her lovely garden and in her fields all wild things are safe, for here she practises what she preaches in the beginning of this book, remembering that the world of humans is not the only world, not the complete world, but one of many, to be fitted in with the other worlds of bird and beast, flower, insect, and reptile.

A Busy Day

The book is a collection of titbits about these other worlds, many of them familiar, though none the less interesting for that; and some are astounding. What, for instance, shall we say of the fact that a pair of tits have been known to carry more than 1000 caterpillars to their nestlings in a 17-hour day? If the people who look on birds as their enemies would remember such facts as these they would not grudge them their occasional rations of seeds and fruits.

France, says Lady Warwick, has found to her cost that her war on little birds leaves her fields and gardens defenceless, and she pleads with us not to make the same mistake.

Nature's Quest is the harvest of a vivid and ever-interested mind. All her life Lady Warwick has been studying the occupants of the other worlds of earth, air, and water, and in this little book she has taken a thousand odd things calculated to stir our sympathy, understanding, and wonder, and has thrown them into a sort of lucky dip.

A HOUSE FOR WRITERS

One More Good Idea Bears Fruit

A project put forward at a Writers Conference in Germany three years ago has just come to fruition.

It was proposed to found a holiday home where, every summer, writers of many nationalities might spend a few months in each other's company. The idea behind the project was the obvious one that friendliness and good understanding between the nations, the only guarantee of lasting peace, can best be furthered by personal contact between individuals, more especially those who have it in their power to influence public opinion by their pen.

So far the experiment is confined to German writers on the one hand and Scandinavian (Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, and Finnish) on the other. With the generous assistance of a wealthy friend of literature a house has been built and furnished in the neighbourhood of the German seaside resort Travemünde. About eight guests will have rooms in it, and it is intended to invite four Scandinavian and four German authors to spend three months together free of charge.

The lucky holiday-makers will be chosen by the Authors Associations of their respective countries, the sole qualification being literary excellence.

Pity the Poor Pit Pony

And buy your coal from the mechanical transport mine

THE DUMB-BELL NEBULA

A MYSTERY OF THE HEAVENS

Fascinating Problem of Celestial Evolution

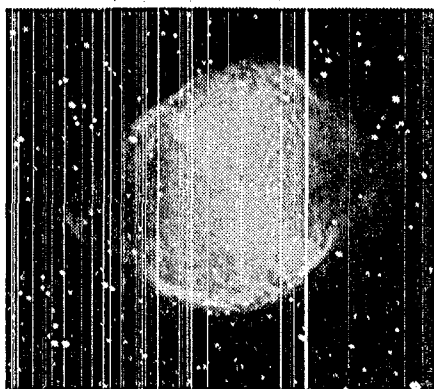
A PRIMEVAL SUN

By the O.N. Astronomer

The wonderful Dumb-Bell Nebula, now high up in the south toward midnight, is almost the only member of the mysterious planetary nebulae, out of about 150, that may be glimpsed by keen sight with the aid of good field-glasses on a clear dark night.

Its exact position was indicated as M.27 on the star-map in last week's C.N.; this represents its number in the catalogue of Messier, though it is also known as N.G.C.6853, its number in the New General Catalogue of nebulae and star-clusters.

Comparatively small telescopes will show the dumb-bell appearance of this nebula, but high magnification completely obliterates it. From the accompanying photograph it can be seen that



The Dumb-Bell Nebula

the dumb-bell effect is produced by the bright portions, while at right angles to these the nebula has fainter arms, or ansae. These ansae are extensions on each side showing the nebula to be elliptical with a large central mass of much denser gaseous elements. In the centre is a star of 12th magnitude, possibly a primeval sun evolving, but the numerous other stars shown as white dots on the photograph are suns very much nearer to us than the nebulous mass.

This mass rotates as does the material of planetary nebulae in general and in a way similar to our Solar System, the portions nearer the centre rotating with much greater speed than the outlying areas; but, while one of the largest and nearest of these nebulae, the so-called Dumb-Bell is one of the most mysterious.

Its period of rotation, as well as can be ascertained, appears to be between 5000 and 10,000 years as compared with between 200 and 300 years for the outer portions of our Solar System, which it exceeds in size some thousands of times. Its central sun is in the most youthful or earliest stage, with a radiant temperature of about 40,000 degrees Centigrade, compared with which the highest on our Sun is about 6000 degrees.

Solar Systems in the Making

At Mount Wilson Observatory the distance of this Dumb-Bell Nebula has been provisionally placed at about 550 light-years. This has been ascertained by obtaining trigonometrically the parallax of its central sun.

With the passing of years many more changes will be observed, and it will be possible to learn much more about these fascinating objects which so much resemble solar systems in the making. Although some are very similar to the gaseous residue of suns which have been seen to blaze up through some celestial catastrophe, as, for instance, Nova Aquilae in 1918, they may be solar systems or suns that have been regenerated to begin the cycle of world evolution all over again. G. F. M.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

Julius Caesar's Birthday

JULY 12

Julius Caesar was born in Rome, July 12, 102 B.C., and was assassinated there March 15, 44 B.C. Great as soldier, statesman, and author, he conquered Gaul, invaded Britain and Germany, and reformed the calendar and the Roman State.

Thy marvellous genius, perfect as the Sun,
Gave light and vigour to the Roman gloom;
Europe to hold thy legions had not room;
Thy boundless mind craved words to overrun.

The will that shrank not at the Rubicon
Could in grave council virtues new assume,
And while thy glory on the Earth did bloom
Proud nations hailed the grand deeds thou hadst done.

Thy clarion name will to all men recall
The lofty soul, the valour undis-
mayed!
We see thee battling mid the groves of Gaul,
And when, in robes imperial arrayed,
Near Pompey's threatening marble thou didst fall
Supremely scorning thy assassins' blade.
Francis Saltus

THE MAN OF TOMORROW AND HIS HOUSE

He Will Not Build For Ever

By Lord Dudley

We take this interesting idea from a speech by Lord Dudley, who has been for a year Chairman of the Council of Research of Housing Construction.

The nonsense of building for hundreds of years must be exploded. Buildings today are being pulled down not because they are decayed but because they are out of date. They really become out of date at the end of our own generation, and sometimes before.

The future buildings will probably tend more and more to be constructed almost entirely of steel and glass, with an insulation material which will also have a good value in re-use. The future man will build them himself for himself, not for his heirs and successors. That will save him from the misfortune of the vast percentage of misfits which well-meaning but misguided forefathers have left for us to live in today.

A CLEAN SWEEP

Edward Tyler Neat and Tidy

When Mr Edward Tyler of Mottingham went to have a look at his portrait at the Eltham Arts and Crafts Society's exhibition no one recognised the sitter, but that was no reflection on the skill of the artist, for Mr Tyler visited the exhibition all clean and tidy, and in his picture he is all black and sooty.

The bad old days of chimney-sweeping, of which Charles Kingsley wrote in Water Babies, do not seem so far away when we hear that Mr Tyler climbed Eltham chimneys only 15 years ago. For 200 years four generations of Tylers have been sweeps at Mottingham, but gas and electricity mean less soot, and Mr Tyler's son is a driver. "When I die there won't be a sweep left in Mottingham," said Mr Tyler; and his wife said, "A good thing too."

DOES YOUR KINEMA USE
THE SAFETY FILM?

KENYA GIRAFFE DIES SOON AFTER ARRIVAL

SHY BUT SWEET TEMPERED

Parrots and Cockatoos on Holiday at Whipsnade

A TAME COBRA

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The three eagerly-awaited young Baringo giraffes arrived at the Zoo from Kenya apparently without being any the worse for their journey. Two were at once sent to Whipsnade, while the third remained at Regent's Park.

For the first few days the Whipsnade pair were kept indoors, and then, as they seemed at home in their new surroundings, they were let out in the paddock and at once took a long walk round their quarters.

These were the first Kenya giraffes to be owned by the Zoo, and all were beautiful specimens about ten or eleven feet high. They were rather shy, but seemed sweet-tempered, and the one now in the London Zoo will probably become a pet.

Unhappily one of the two at Whipsnade fell ill and died a few days after his arrival, and a post-mortem examination showed that death was due to injuries received in the course of his long and tedious journey from Kenya.

Feather Pluckers

There is another interesting new feature at Whipsnade. Two eclectus parrots in the Regent's Park menagerie had become "feather pluckers" and have been sent to Whipsnade in the hope that freedom and the opportunity of feeding on fresh leaves will have a beneficial effect. They were placed in cages hung on trees for two days and then were set free.

Seven brilliantly-hued cockatoos have also been given their freedom. These birds began by being caged in one of the woods, but were taken out to feed at regular intervals, and at the end of a week, when used to taking food from one spot, were liberated. They make no attempt to wander far afield and are ready to fly to their feeding-place whenever the keeper appears on the scene with fresh supplies.

Nibby the Sea-Lion

The latest additions to the London Zoo baby animals include a Cape buffalo and a sea-lion. The sea-lion is the offspring of Nibby, the Zoo's tamest sea-lion, and Nibby has no objection to receiving callers in her nursery as long as they make no attempt to touch her baby. She is now teaching the little creature to swim, but mother and baby spend a great deal of their time lying on the rocks; and so there is no difficulty in getting a good view of the infant.

The mother of the Cape buffalo is less anxious to show off her offspring. If anyone stands in front of her den for any length of time or stares too hard at the youngster she charges the bars in fury. So visitors should keep their hands on the safe side of the bars.

A Rare Pet

The Reptile House has a rare pet in a tame cobra. Some three months ago a collection of cobras arrived from India and all were placed in the same den. But at nearly every feeding-time one of them had an argument with his companions and was in danger of being swallowed. The keeper going to the assistance of this weaker cobra gradually discovered that the snake had no objection to being handled.

As the disputes over food continued it was decided to provide the amiable cobra with a home to himself, and the keepers can now safely handle him without risk, though visitors are not allowed to do so.

This is the first time for many years that one of the Zoo's poisonous snakes has become reliably tame.

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sunshine
cannot
fade its
brilliance

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THE MASTER OF THE MOOR

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 47

A Race for Life

THE three scrambled ashore and ran. Reaching the top of the bank Archie glanced back, and was amazed to see that Grier had not landed. "Neil, we're all right," he cried. "Slack off. He's not coming after us."

"He knows too much," Neil answered. "Run, you idiot!"

"Grier's going on up," said Duncan. "Reckons to cut in on us from above, I guess."

"Don't waste breath talking," Neil said curtly. "Run!"

Archie knew that when Neil spoke in that tone he meant something. He did run. But Duncan, who did not know Neil so well, was inclined to argue. Neil stopped an instant.

"Listen, Mackay! What do you hear?" "Sounds mighty like a train in the distance."

"Train! That's the tide bore. That's why Grier has stayed in his boat. If you don't want to drown, run! Run as you never ran in your life before."

Duncan needed no more advice. He ran. All three ran, and as they ran the low thunder in the distance grew louder.

The going was good. There was none of the mud they had met with in the southern estuary. This was all hard sand. But it was not level. There were humps and hummocks—here a smooth stretch, there a deep channel with steep banks. And the shore was a long way off, and all the time that low, ominous roar grew steadily louder.

Neil blamed himself bitterly. He knew this coast better than the others and he had known that a big spring tide was due. He said to himself that he might have guessed that these were the infamous Knockfahr Sands. He had heard of them often enough and the many tragedies of which they had been the scene. For here the whole force of the tide, penned back by the big headland to the south, comes rushing in with the same force and fury that it does across the sands of Mont St Michel on the French coast. At big springs the incoming wave travels faster than a man can run, and no swimmer has a chance if caught in the sweeping surge.

He glanced back. The Gut up which they had rowed was brimming and the launch, driving ahead under full power of its engine, was already far up the channel. He looked at the dunes which bordered the edge of the estuary. In the dim evening light they seemed still a long way off. Behind was the rush and hiss of the swiftly advancing flood. There was nothing for it but to run and run and hope that escape was still possible.

Archie and Duncan kept going steadily. Duncan's long legs served him well, but Archie was beginning to blow. The pace was killing. He saw Neil's anxious look.

"All right—when—got—second—wind," he panted, and even in this dangerous moment Neil felt once more that little glow of pleasure at Archie's pluck.

Was it fancy or was the ground rising a little? It really seemed as if they were gaining now on their awful enemy, which hissed and foamed behind them.

"We'll do it," gasped Neil. "One more sprint, Archie."

His eyes were fixed on the tall dune which rose not two hundred yards away. "Well run! We've beaten—" The words died in his throat as the fading daylight glinted on a strip of foam-streaked current which raced through a deep gut between them and safety. The flood had got ahead of them and was crowding up the channel of this burn which ran into the estuary half a mile above the point where they stood.

All three pulled up short and stared at the rushing stream which cut them off from safety. Neil glanced down then up.

"No time to get round the top," he said. "We can swim it," Duncan answered.

"You and I might. What about Archie?" Archie grew angry. "Don't talk rot, Neil. Come on."

There was no time for discussion. As Archie ran forward Neil spoke a few quick words in Duncan's ear. "Keep him between us."

Three steps and they were swimming. The strong salt tide was swirling up at five miles an hour. It seized and carried them while the undertow tore cruelly at their legs. It was of course out of the question to strike straight across the creek. Their only hope was to go with the swirling tide, struggling foot by foot across it and so

reach the far bank. And every moment Neil expected to see the tidal wave pour in a thundering cataract upon them over the south bank.

Alone he could have fought across. So could Duncan. But Archie had only just learned to swim. Twice the undertow dragged him under and the others pulled him up, sputtering and gasping.

The roar increased. A quarter mile below them the great flood wave was over the bank and thundering into the creek. Neil knew they had but a very few moments left. He thought he had been doing all possible before, yet now he redoubled his efforts. The bank was close; he put one foot down.

"Bottom! I'm on the bottom," he cried. He put both feet down and dragged Archie forward. Then as he took a step forward he felt a stab of agony in his right foot. He stumbled forward and went under.

"He's hurt," gasped Archie, and seized him. Neil's weight pulled Archie down, but Duncan's height and strength saved them. He had his feet firm on the ground, and with a last frantic effort dragged both safe to the bank. Blood was spurting from Neil's foot as, between them, the other two carried him up the bank and dropped him safely just above high-tide mark.

CHAPTER 48

The Man in the Car

ARCHIE was horror-stricken. "What can we do? He'll bleed to death," he cried.

But Duncan was already busy. He had learned something of First Aid during his schooldays in America and already was twisting a handkerchief round Neil's foot above the ugly gash.

"Thanks," said Neil. "That's fine. I'll be all right in a minute."

"It's a right bad cut," said Duncan anxiously. "Looks as if you'd trodden on something horribly sharp."

"May have been the fluke of an old anchor. Yes, it went right through my shoe," Neil paused. "Thanks for pulling me out, Duncan," he added briefly.

JACKO GOES TOO FAR

JACKO was still at the seaside, enjoying himself tremendously.

In a letter he sent home to Chimp he expressed himself as having the time of his young life.

"You don't know what you're missing," he told his friend. "The bathing's scrumptious. I've got hold of a raft; you know the idea—a flat thing you

Duncan's leathery cheeks reddened a little. It was the first time Neil had called him by his Christian name.

"That's all right," he said gruffly. "What's worrying me is how we're going to get you anywhere. This is the most desolate country I ever did strike."

"Don't worry," Neil said. "I'll rest a while then I shall be able to walk."

"Walk!" snorted Duncan. "You won't put foot to ground for a week. And that cut needs iodine, or it will poison. I wish I knew where there was a doctor."

Archie got up. "I'll find a doctor," he said. "You stay with Neil, Duncan."

"Man, you don't even know which way to go," exclaimed Duncan, but Archie was already on his way. At the top of the dune he turned and waved. "I shan't be long," he called.

"I didn't reckon he had it in him," grumbled Duncan, but Neil smiled. "You don't know Archie, Duncan."

Archie, meantime, was striding forward through the deepening dusk. He had not the least idea of how or where he was going to find a doctor, yet he was quite sure that he would do so. If he went far enough he must find a road, and if he went far enough on the road he would come to a town. He was fully prepared to walk all night, if need be. He was so utterly set on getting help for Neil that he had no thought for anything else.

For a long time he struggled up a heather-clad hillside. At last he reached the top, and there, far below, a faint white line in the last of the twilight, was a road. Archie made straight for it.

Still there was no house in sight, and the road seemed as empty as the rest of this desolate country. Archie set to plodding along it. He had gone about a mile when a beam of light showed in the distance. Archie's spirits rose with a bound, for these were the headlights of a car. He stepped in the middle of the road and waited.

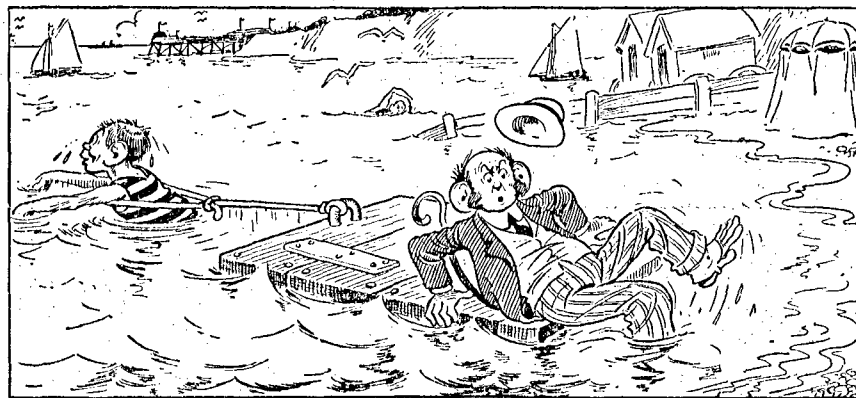
On came the car, a small two-seater. So far as Archie could see there was only one person in it, the driver. On it came and did not stop. It looked to Archie as if the man meant to drive straight over him. Yet Archie stood his ground, waving his arms frantically, and shouting at the top of his voice. The driver was forced to check or knock him down.

"What's the matter?" came a sharp, peevish voice as the owner of the car

"Don't you worry," said Father Jacko. "The boy's not doing any harm," and, pulling out his paper, he walked over to the little raft and sat down on it.

It was a hot day and presently Father Jacko began to nod.

Before long, skipping over the sands, back came Jacko.



The raft shot forward

shove out into the water and dive off. No end of a game!"

It was a game that Jacko didn't seem to get tired of.

"Who gave it to you, dear?" inquired his mother. The whole family was looking at it, as it lay on the beach at the water's edge.

"Nobody," answered Jacko. "I found it all smashed up on the rocks, round the point."

"I suppose it got washed out with the tide," said Mother Jacko; and, as Jacko ran off, she added, "I hope it's all right, and that the owner won't think he's stolen it."

He caught sight of his father and began to grin.

Without a sound he paddled out into the water, picked up the raft rope and put it under his arms. Then he swung round, flung himself on the waves, and struck out.

The raft rocked and shot forward.

So did Father! He woke up with a start, tried to recover his balance, failed, and, with a frantic cry for help, fell in.

He was in a frightful state. He felt a bit better when he had been home and got into some dry clothes. And then he went off to find Master Jacko.

pulled on his brake. "What do you mean by stopping me? I'm in a hurry."

In the light from the dashboard Archie saw a small man with a pinched-up face, pale eyes, and thin sandy hair.

"My pal is badly hurt. I want you to take me to a doctor."

"Doctor!" the man's voice was a snarl. "There's no doctor where I'm going."

"But there's one at Mulzie's."

"Mulzie's fourteen miles away. It's where I've come from. Do you think I'm going back there at this time of night?"

Archie saw the man's hand go to the brake. In a flash he had wrenched open the door and jumped in.

"Get out of this!" shrieked the man.

"What do you mean by it? I'll have the law on you." He released the brake and struck at Archie with his clenched fist.

The next thing of which Archie was conscious was that the little man was lying on the grass at the side of the road, and that he, Archie, was telling him that he could jolly well stay there until the cows came home, or words to that effect.

Then Archie got into the car, turned it round and drove away north. The little man was on his feet shouting threats of police and prison, but Archie was far beyond worrying about such things. He pushed the car up to her top speed, and half an hour later saw the lights of a town in a hollow below him.

"Aye, it's Mulzie," the first man he met told him. He also informed Archie of the way to Dr Ruthven's house.

To Archie's dismay Ruthven was not at home, but his housekeeper said he might be back any time. Archie explained things to her and, as Neil was a favourite of hers, she made Archie come in and wait, and gave him hot cocoa and cake, which did him a world of good.

Half an hour passed, and Archie got worried. He hated to think of Neil sitting out there on the side of a sand dune, in pain, and wondering if help would come. At last he heard someone at the door and stepped out into the little hall. At the same time the front door bell rang, and Mrs Reid, the housekeeper, appeared.

"It's not the master, Mr Grant," she told him. "He would na be ringing." So Archie went back into the dining-room. He heard a man's deep voice. Then there were heavy steps in the hall, and the dining-room door opened.

"The policeman to see you, Mr Grant," said Mrs Reid in an agitated voice. The constable came in. He was a broad, powerfully-built man with a broad, stolid face.

"Your name is Grant, I understand," he said, and Archie did not at all like the tone in which he spoke.

"Archibald Grant is my name," he answered.

"Yon car at the door, is it yours?"

Archie's spirits went down with a thump. For the moment he had been thinking so much about Neil he had forgotten all about the car.

"No, it's not mine," he said.

"But ye came to Mulzie in it," remarked the constable sternly.

"Yes, I came in it. I had to come—to fetch the doctor."

"I am informed that ye stole the car." The big man's voice was harsher even than before. "Mr Wylie, the owner, has telephoned the police station that a young fellow answering your description stopped him on the road near the Carrick burn, jumped in, beat him and threw him out and took the car away. I am asking ye, is this correct?"

Archie felt desperate.

"I'll tell you the whole thing, officer. My friend Neil Forsyth is on the hillside beyond that burn, badly hurt. I went for help. I met this man in the car and begged him to drive me to Mulzie to get the doctor. He refused. He tried to hit me. I lost my temper and pulled him out and took the car. I'm waiting for Dr Ruthven."

Not a muscle in the constable's face changed as he listened.

"I take it, then, ye are admitting your offence," was all he said.

Archie lost patience.

"Offence! Do you call it a crime to take a car to save a chap's life?"

"The motive does na concern me. That is for the bailie. I'll ask ye to come to the station with me."

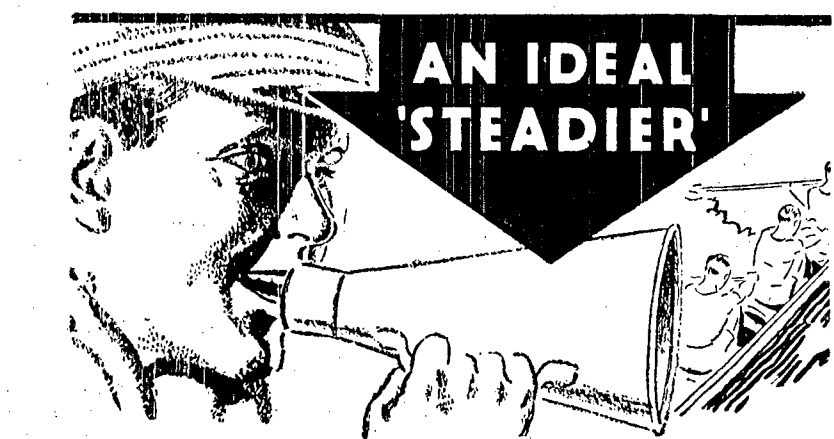
"You mean to lock me up?" cried Archie.

"Aye. It is too late to take ye before the bailie tonight."

"But you can't take me now. I've simply got to see Dr Ruthven."

"Ye can leave a message for the doctor," replied the constable stolidly. "I'm bound to lock ye up." He laid his huge hand on Archie's shoulder.

TO BE CONTINUED



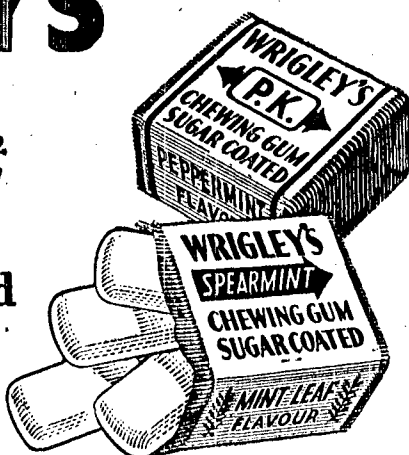
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E.O. 10

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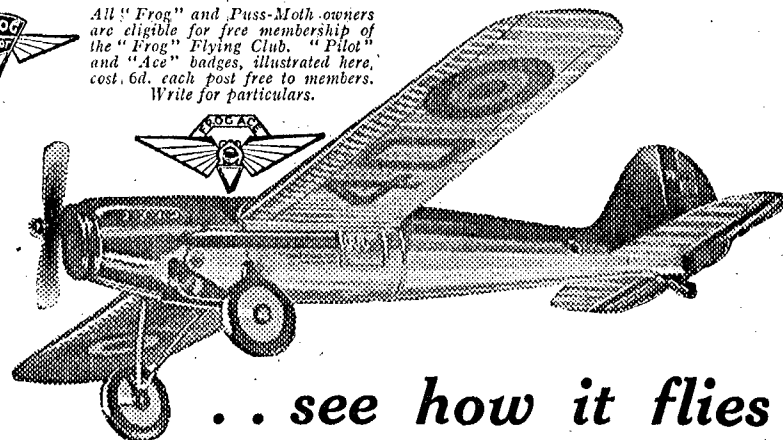
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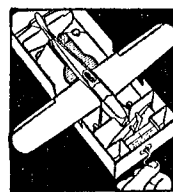
THE 'FROG' INTERCEPTOR



All "Frog" and Puss-Moth owners are eligible for free membership of the "Frog" Flying Club. "Pilot" and "Ace" badges, illustrated here, cost 6d. each post free to members. Write for particulars.



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FROG

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COMPLETE

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UNCLE ODOL'S PAINTING COMPETITION

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JUNE

Special Holiday Story Books have been sent to the following boys and girls for successful paintings in the June Competition.

BOYS.

Paul Jarvis, Gt. Yarmouth.
Edward Southcombe, Whipton.
George Stoble, Burton-on-Trent.
David Wills, Heavitree.
Derriek Fowler, Bromley.
Richard Vernon, Nuffield.
David Musk, St. Thomas.

GIRLS.

Marguerite Williams, Erith, Kent.
Joan Partridge, Fulham Cross, S.W.6.
Violet Merryweather, Whistendine Station.
Mary Strange, Rowstock.
Violet Killick, New Cross, S.E.14.
Isabella Arthur, Greenock.
Phyllis Pearce, Bromley.

THERE WILL BE EXTRA BIG PRIZES
FOR THE AUGUST COMPETITION

Ask Mother to go along to the chemist right away and get for you a FREE ODOL PAINTING BOOK, giving all particulars of the simple competition.

REMEMBER

Odol

MAKES TEETH LIKE PEARLS

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 14, 1934

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co, Tallis Street, E.C.4

THE BRAN TUB

In a Garden

IN his garden a man has a certain number of fruit bushes. Five more than a third of them were gooseberries, eight of them were redcurrants. The rest, which were seven less than a half of the total number of bushes, were blackcurrants.

How many were there of each kind? *Answer next week*

The Other London

THERE are many cities, towns, and villages all over the world that are named after the capital of the British Empire, but the largest of them is London in Ontario.

This Canadian city has many place-names familiar to English Londoners, for it stands on a River Thames; is in Middlesex county, has a St Paul's Cathedral and a Covent Garden Market, as well as bridges named Blackfriars, Westminster, and Kensington, and streets named Piccadilly, Pall Mall, and Waterloo.

Shooting the Rapids

MANY interesting stamps have been issued by French Guiana. One of the most popular was the stamp illustrated here,



which is one of the 1929 series. It is printed in green and shows natives in a canoe shooting the rapids.

Catch Your Friend With This

ASK your friend whether he is aware that a certain weight contains 160 times its own weight.

"Impossible," he will say. "Not a bit," you reply. "What about a stone? Doesn't it include the word ton?"

Study the Moon

NOT many of us have the opportunity of looking through a big telescope at the Moon. Here is a very easy way of getting an enlarged view of the shining surface.

All that will be needed are a hand-mirror and a reading-glass or other magnifying lens. When the sky is clear and the Moon full, or nearly so, stand with the window open or, better still, go out of doors. Place the mirror so that the Moon is reflected in it, and

then focus the magnifying-glass on the reflection. In this way a splendid enlarged view of the Moon will be seen, showing up quite clearly the mountains with their craters and the plains.

Tangled Fish

BELOW are the tangled names of eight fish.

TRAPS CAP LIE
TAKES THIN WIG
HUB TAIL MEEK CARL
NO SLAM RAP CHILD

What are they? *Answer next week*

Ici On Parle Français



Un abri Le colimaçon La faux
Shelter Snail Scythe

Il pleut: mettons-nous à l'abri. Le colimaçon transporte sa maison. Une faux sert à faucher l'herbe.

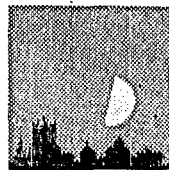
Next Week in the Countryside

THE reed hunting lays a second time. The second broods of wrens are fledged. The songs of the blackbird, whitethroat, and song thrush are last heard. The large heath, dark green fritillary, and chalkhill blue butterflies are seen. The burnished brass, dark arches, humming-bird hawk, barred jackey, goat, garden tiger, and U-moths appear. Marsh woundwort, white hoarhound, black nightshade, vervain, St John's wort, white goosefoot, hemp

nettle, eyebright, great reed mace, spear thistle, and arrowhead are all in bloom.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South-West, and Saturn is in the South-East toward midnight. In the morning Venus and Mars are in the North-East and Saturn is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Thursday, July 19.



Arithmetical Puzzle

HERE is an addition sum: strike out six of the figures so that the total of the remainder will be twenty.

111
777
999

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

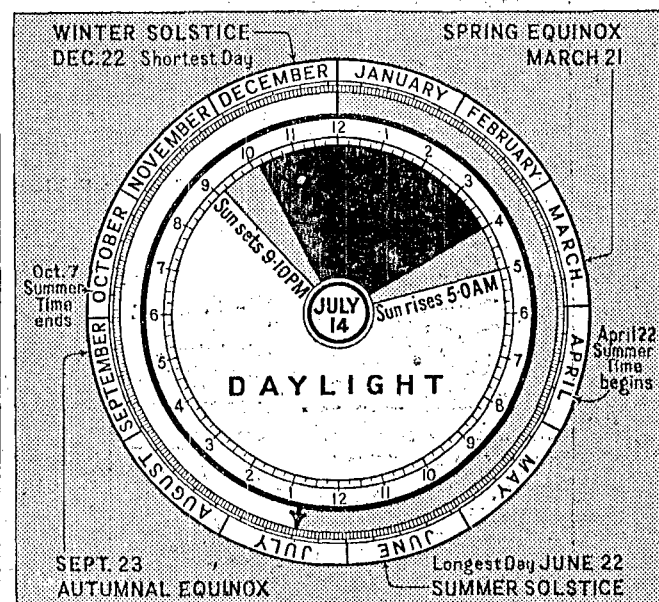
Choosing the Captain
Blacksmith 42, gamekeeper 30

A Riddle in Rhyme
Thousand—1000

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

PART	BEACH	EBON
OUTBID	LEADER	
ART	ENDEAR	DIE
RT	US	YAP
TABLET	R	PESTLE
LOTTER	JUNTA	C
STAR	EATEN	EMIT
TOTAL	TOT	WRENS

The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on July 14. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

Dr MERRYMAN

Lost His Head

THE new driver was in a hopeless muddle at the crossing. The green light showed, but, try as he would, he could not get the engine to start again.

"Use your noddle, man, use your noddle," called another driver who was being held up.

"Yes, yes," replied the flurried one. "Where is it? I've pulled and pushed everything I can see inside the car."

Proof



BERTIE BUNNY (as the go-cart collides with a big boulder): "I say, Billy, teacher was right when he told us the Earth was not flat."

The Expert

THE builder's new handyman had been asked to sharpen some tools.

"Have you finished that job, Bill?" demanded the foreman some time later.

"All the tools are ready except the saw," was Bill's reply, "and I haven't quite got all the gaps off that yet."

Greedy Bill

BILL: Is all that cake for Tom, Mother?

Mother: No, sonnie, that's for you.

Bill: Coo! What a tiny piece.

Disappointing

SLEEPY little Slowcombe is still living in last century, as it were, but much excitement was caused when it was known that Farmer Hayseed had bought an incubator.

"How's this new thing o' yours going?" he was asked.

"I'm disappointed in it," the farmer replied. "It hasn't laid a single egg."

Very Important

THE teacher asked the class to name some of the most important things of today that were unknown a century ago.

"Us!" replied the pupils, almost in unison.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THAT particular Saturday morning Auntie Nan had given Sarah a penny. "And you may do whatever you like with it," said Auntie Nan.

Sarah smiled. She knew perfectly well what she wanted to do with it. She put on her large straw hat and clutched the penny tight in her hand. She walked through the garden gate and out on to the cobbled street. On past the greengrocer's and baker's until she came to The Shop.

In The Shop were some very wonderful sweets she had long admired. They were of fairy colours: lovely pale greens and pinks, cream, lemon, and white, and they were called Cupid's Whispers. They had little messages written on

them. It seemed to Sarah very miraculous how they came to have messages written on them.

She came out of the shop and sat down on the doorstep, emptying her treasures out of the paper bag into her frock. She looked at each one carefully, thinking how pretty the colours were, and reading the little messages. One said: Like me a little; another: I shall hate you; and another: I love you. This made Sarah smile. She ate I love you very slowly.

Suddenly she saw an old man. He was very old and wrinkled and bearded and bent. He was leaning on a gnarled stick and hesitating on the edge of the pavement. To be so old and bent and

lonely! Perhaps he had no one to love him.

Sarah's face grew very wistful as she thought of him being lonely and unloved. She gathered her sweets together and stole to the old man's side. She touched him gently on the arm. "Would you like me to cross the road with you?" she asked.

The old man smiled as he looked down at the earnest little face.

"Yes!" he said. "I should like it very much."

So Sarah took his hand and led him safely across.

"I must go now," she said, "but you may have these little sweets of mine," and she pressed the coloured, scented Cupid's Whispers into

SARAH'S OLD MAN

the old man's hand. Then she smiled up into his face and whispered, "You know, I like you," to comfort him.

From that day Sarah took a tender interest in Mr Meeks. In her queer little fashion she never again told her love, but whenever she saw him she would smile a sweet smile and give him some little gift.

One day she was out with her mother when suddenly her eyes lit up with excitement.

"There he is, my old man!" she said.

"But," said her mother in astonishment, "who is he? And how did you get to know him?"

Sarah looked vague.

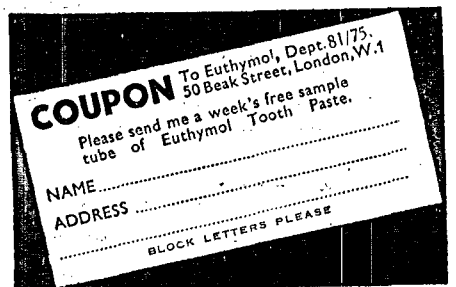
"I don't know," it just happened," she said.



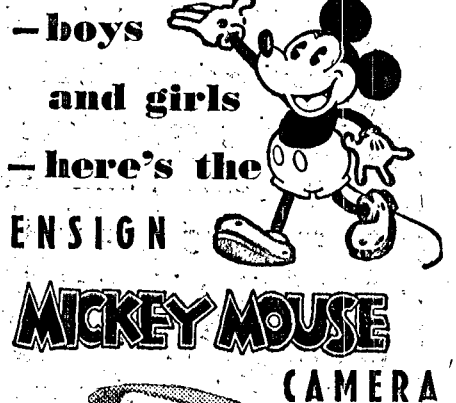
KEEP THEM CLEAN

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